M E M O I R S

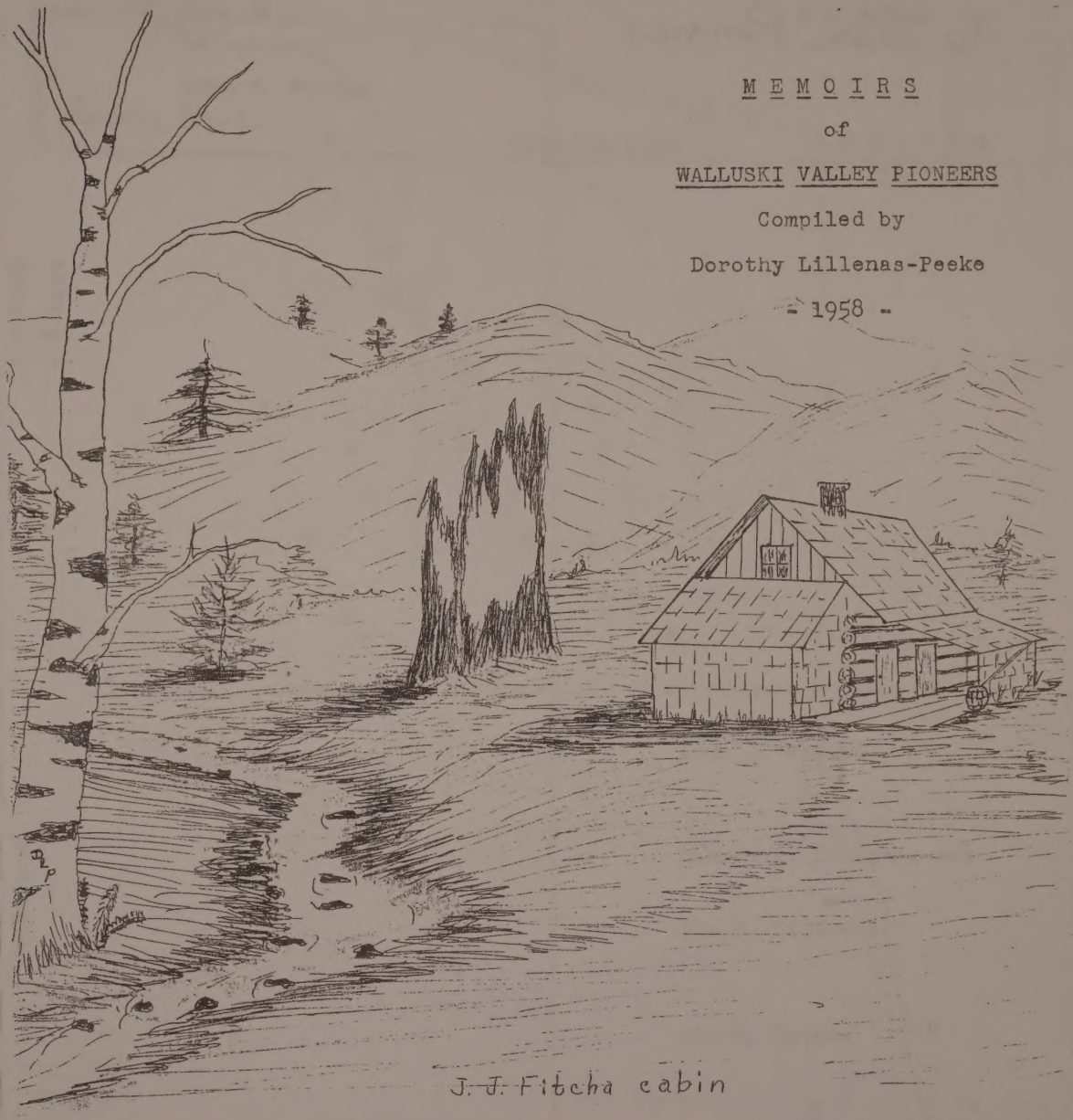
of

WALLUSKI VALLEY PIONEERS

Compiled by

Dorothy Lillenas-Peeke

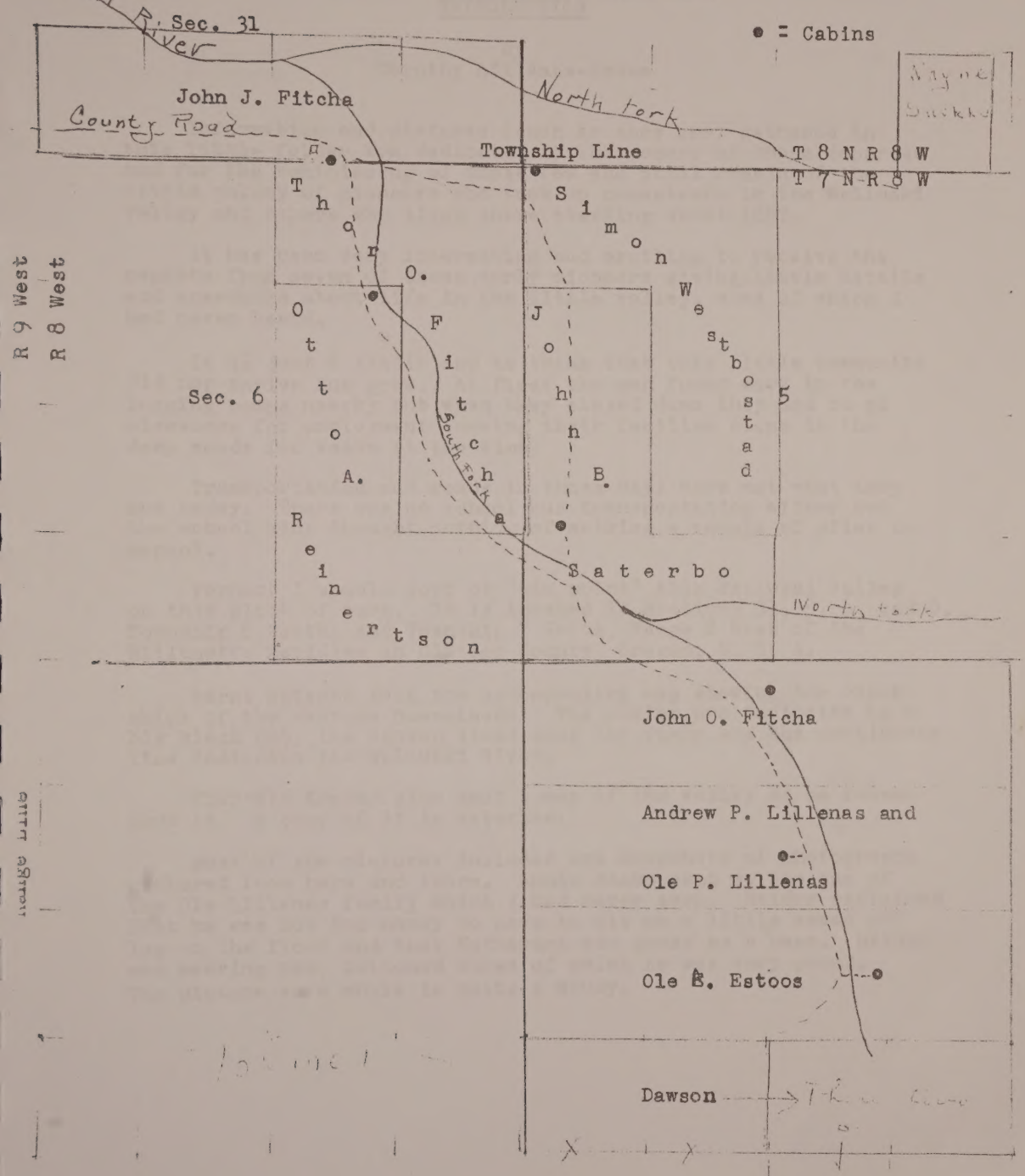
- 1958 -



J. J. Fitcha cabin

Sec. 31, 5, 1 & 6
T 8 N & T 7 N R 8 W

WALLUSKI SETTLEMENT - 1887-1889



INTRODUCTION

by
Dorothy Lillenas-Peeke

Information and pictures (such as they are) gathered in this little folder are dedicated to the memory of those departed and for the reminiscing of those few who still remain of the little colony of pioneers who took up homesteads in the Walluski Valley and others who lived there starting about 1887.

It has been very interesting and exciting to receive the reports from seven of these early pioneers giving little details and anecdotes about life in the little valley, some of which I had never heard.

It is just a little sad to think that this little community did not thrive and grow. At first the men found work in the logging camps nearby but when they closed down they had to go elsewhere for employment leaving their families alone in the deep woods for weeks at the time.

Transportation and roads in those days were not what they are today. There was no school bus transportation either but the school kids thought nothing of walking a couple of miles to school.

Perhaps I should sort of "pin point" this Walluski Valley on this globe of ours. It is located in Sections 31, 5, 6, and 8, Township 8 North, and Township 7 North, Range 8 West of the Willamette Meridian in Clatsop County, Oregon, U. S. A.

Bernt Saterbo sent the accompanying map showing the ownerships of the various homesteads. The cabins are indicated by a big black dot, the broken lines show the roads and the continuous line indicates the Walluski River.

Thorvald Krager also sent a map of the valley as he remembers it. A copy of it is attached.

Most of the pictures included are snapshots of photographs gathered from here and there. Annie Raaum sent me the one of the Ole Lillenas family which I had never seen. Haldor explained that he was not too happy to have to sit on a little sawed off log on the floor and that Katherine was cross as a bear. Haldor was wearing new, buttoned shoes of which he was very proud. The picture as a whole is quite a study.

Those still living (1957) and whose reports are included herewith are:

Name	Date of death
Olaf J. Fitcha	12/31/71
Annie Saterbo-Raaum	3/19/61
Bernt Saterbo	1/6/60
Thorvald Krager	
Eliza Kleppey	6/18/73
Haldor Lillenas	8/18/59
Hannah Fitcha-Mathews	3/4/73

Also included in this report are later recollections of the Walluski Valley written by Conrad Lillenas, Dorothy Lillenas-Peeke and Agnes Lillenas-Steele.

Following all these reports is a copy of the "Historical Sketch of Bethany Lutheran Church" which was published in 1941 which relates to some of the activities of the early pioneers in establishing the Bethany Lutheran Free Church in Astoria.

Now, without further ceremony, we will go over to "Walluski Memoirs" as related by Olaf J. Fitcha. This report gives dates of arrival of most of the pioneers and a good history of those early days.

MY WALLUSKI RIVER MEMORIES

by

Olaf J. Fitcha

Back in 1886 my father got the "Oregon Fever" and decided to move out to the coast, so in April of that year our family consisting of father, John J. Fitcha; mother, Dorthea; and three childrem, Hannah, Julia and Olaf; boarded the train for Portland, Oregon. The oldest, a boy, Gustav, stayed on in Minnesota and came out later.

We decided to stay in Portland a short time in order to decide where to locate permanently. It was mostly a matter of chosing between Astoria and LaCenter, Washington. Astoria was chosen and one evening we made our first stopping place at the old O'Brian Hotel in Astoria.

We lived for a while in Scow Bay in Astoria while Father was getting located, when we moved out to the Morgan Ranch at the mouth of the Little Walluski with a family named A. E. Withers, while Father was making a trail and building a log house on a preemption claim four miles back in the woods.

The next year, 1887, we finally moved out to our new home by means of ox team borrowed from a neighbor. This was the beginning of the settling of the upper Walluski.

An uncle, Thor Fitcha came directly from Norway in 1887 just before we moved out to claim and filed on an adjoining tract. Our log house was set right on the line so that one end was to Thor's land and the rest of the building was on our side.

Mr. Gelo Parker was the surveyor who located the lines for us.

During the next two years eight other settlers arrived and claimed the rest of the vacant government land available in the neighborhood. These all settled on adjoining tracts on a two-mile strip.

1887	Another uncle, Otto A. Reinertsen and son Aaron
1887	John O. Fitcha (Dec. 13)
1887	Andrew P. Lillenas (Nov. 29)
1887	Simon Westbostad, Kristine and an adopted son Thorvald Krager (1893)
1888	John B. Saterbo, Gurianne, and two children Bernt and Annie
1888	Ole E. Estoos
1889	Ole P. Lillenas, Anna, and four children, Paul, Johannes, Katherine and Haldor. Another child, George, was born here.
1889	Theodore Estoos
1890	Gunhilde Estoos, mother of Ole and Theodore

Another uncle, Ole J. Fitcha, came over from Norway and stayed for a while, and would, no doubt, have remained but his wife would not leave the old country so he returned to Norway.

My brother, Gustav.B. Kleppey, who came from Minnesota the year after the rest of us (1887) did not take up any land.

Father died December 12, 1888, about two and a half years after our arrival and mother passed away April 21, 1895.

In 1890 Andrew Twedt and family of seven children came out from North Dakota and was planning to settle on a part of the Saterbo place, but changed his mind and moved back to North Dakota. The children in this family were Christoffer, Marie, Henry, Alfred, Claus, Alida and Annie.

As usual, when Norwegians form a settlement like this, one of the first things they think of is to build a church, and so it was here. A site was slashed on the hill opposite the Saterbo home, which was about the center of the neighborhood. The beginning was also the end of this plan. As it was, we would get together for religeous services in the varous homes on Sundays and evenings, when we would go by lantern light over the trails to some neighbor a mile or two away.

Rev. Hans Severin Olsen of Bethany Lutheran Free Church was out there and preached and later on Rev. Olai E. Haaheim made some trips out and still later Rev. Peder Steen.

In the first years the men worked in the Trullinger camp, which was only three quarters of a mile from our place. When this camp closed down they had to go to town to work part of the time, and this made a very awkward situation at home with such extremely bad roads as existed in those days.

I am quite sure, however, that if my father and mother had lived, the little colony would have been a success. Father was in love with the country, and with a strong will and determination, would have made a success of it.

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1971 - After about a month's stay in a nursing home Olaf J. Fitcha passed away on December 31, at the age of 90 years. He is buried in Greenwood Cemetery in the Lillenas plot.

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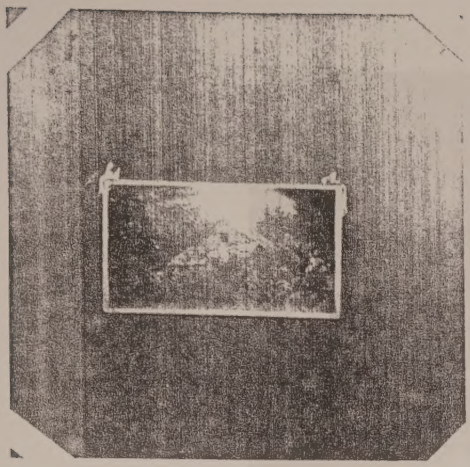
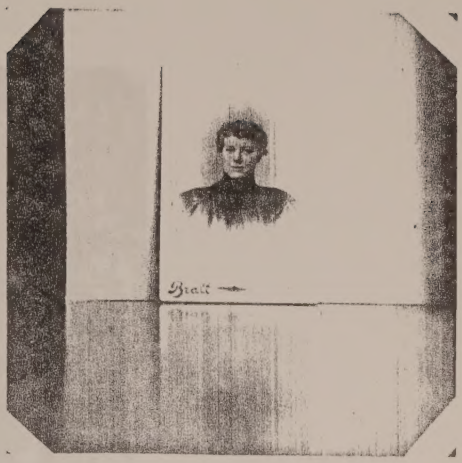
This is the "Little Walluski School" which Julia and Olaf Fitcha attended during their stay with the A. E. Withers family perhaps in 1886. Transportation was by rowboat.

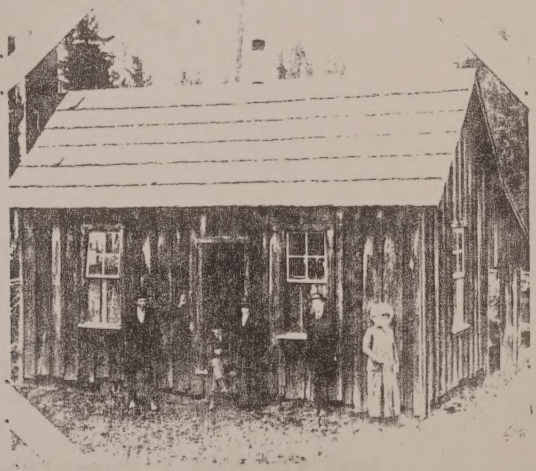


John J. Fitcha cabin.



Julia Fitcha-Lillenas.

Hannah Fitcha-Mathews.



Olaf J. Fitcha cabin.
l.r.--Olaf J. Fitcha, Andrew, Julia, Conrad and Mrs. Paul Lillenas.

MAR 1958

Olaf J. Fitcha
1958

This is a picture of Uncle Olaf taken on a pile of fence posts which he split from the middle cedar tree just south of the house.

Notice the bandage on his finger? I took his hand saw in to have it sharpened and he sawed the very tip off his little finger. Ouch!

Olaf Fitcha

Olaf J. Fitcha, Rt. 1, Box 757, Astoria, died at an area nursing home Friday morning at the age of 90. (Dec 31, 1971)

Fitcha was born March 26, 1881, at Storden, Minn., the son of J.J. and Dorothea Fitcha. At the age of ~~four~~, he came west where he resided with his family on a homestead in the upper Walluski district in a log cabin. As a teen-ager he was confirmed and became a member of the Bethany Lutheran Church.

During his adult years he worked in various logging camps and sawmills most of which time was spent in Olympia, Wash., where he built his own home. After leaving Olympia in 1929, he moved to the Olney district, where he established his own home, working for several years with the Clatsop County road crew until his retirement.

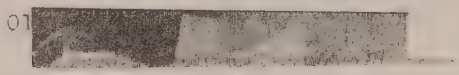
Fitcha is survived by a sister, Mrs. J.H. (Hannah) Mathews of Colton, Ore.; three nieces, Mrs. G.F. (Dorothy) Peeke, and Mrs. J.H. (Agnes) Steele, both of Astoria, and Mrs. Guy (Ione) Rogers of Eugene; and three nephews, Conrad Lillenas of Astoria, Tom Mathews of Ogden, Utah, and Ernest Kleppey of Tallahassee, Fla.

Service is planned for 1:30 p.m. Tuesday and is announced by Luce-Layton Funeral Home, Astoria.

Those desiring may send gifts to the Bethany Lutheran Church Building Fund, for which cards are available at the funeral home.

OLAF J. FITCHA

Services for Olaf J. Fitcha, 90, will be held on Tuesday, January 4, at 1:30 p.m. in the chapel of the Luce-Layton Funeral Home. The Rev. Ray S. Persson of the Bethany Lutheran Church will officiate, with burial in Greenwood Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, memorial gifts may be made to the Bethany Lutheran Church Building Fund, for which cards are available at the funeral home.



This picture was taken about 1965 of rug which Olaf hooked at age 84 from strips of old woolen materials. He also made up his own pattern for chair pillow and arm rest covers to match.

Then he took the map of the United States and made himself a pattern on burlap to hook. After that he made a rug of the State of Oregon.

His last rug was of a large star pattern made up in gold, yellow, red and green. His great-niece Joanne Johnson has the rug.

The pillow top and arm rest pieces had become soiled so he decided to wash them and then boil them. They came out clean and none the worse for wear.

Pictures of his United States and the star pattern rugs were shown in the May-June 1977 issue of The RUG HOOKER News and Views national publication printed in Kennebunkport, Maine. A short article telling about his rugs was included.

He spent many happy hours working with his rugs and just beamed with pride when we bragged about how beautiful they were. Now his chair is empty.

It would be wonderful if some of the older folks wasting away at rest and retirement homes could be kept busy in this way.

* * *

Picture taken at Fitcha graveyard.
Standing--Conrad Lillenas, Dorothy Lillenas-Peeke
Olaf J. Fitcha and Judy Steele-Burridge.
Seated--John Burridge, Julie Burridge and Agnes Lillenas-Steele

Last picture of Olaf J. Fitcha
Passed away Dec. 31, 1971
Age 90

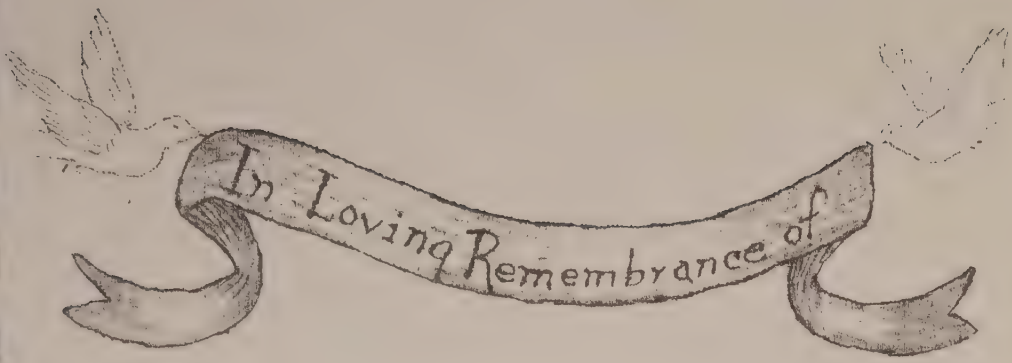
PIONEERS OF 1887
FITCHA
JOHN J.
1844 – 1888
DORTHEA
1838 – 1895

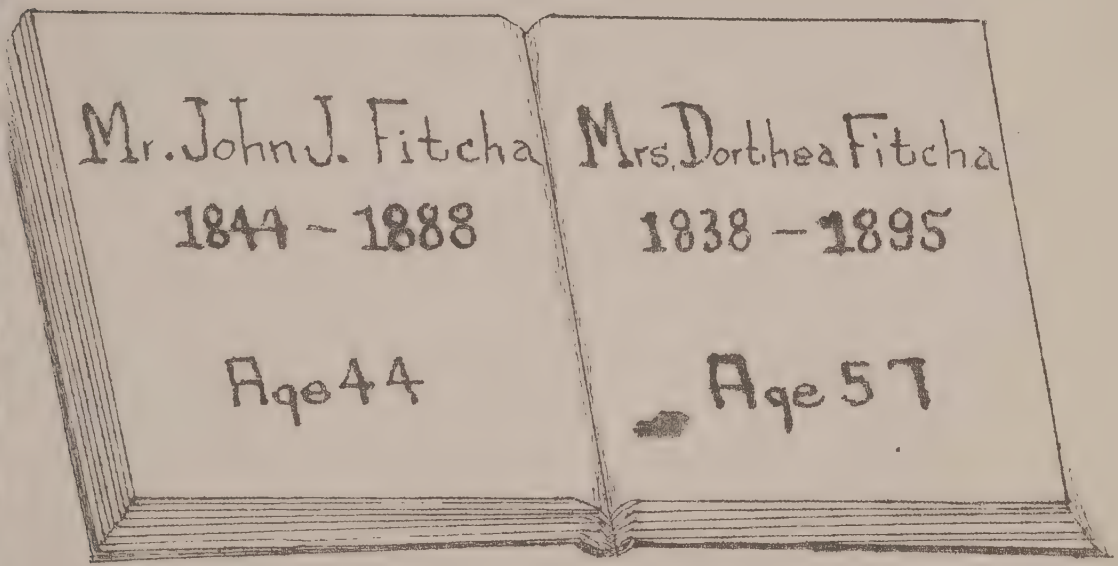
This is the chest which Mrs. J. J. Fitcha brought with her from Norway.

Her name, Olkje Dorthea Reinertsen can be seen on the front together with year 1862 (?) painted on it. Must have been the year she left Norway. Perhaps her "Hope-chest".

This pretty red chest has been in the family for many years. Believe it is still out on the farm.

Paint has worn off too much to tell the name and date.

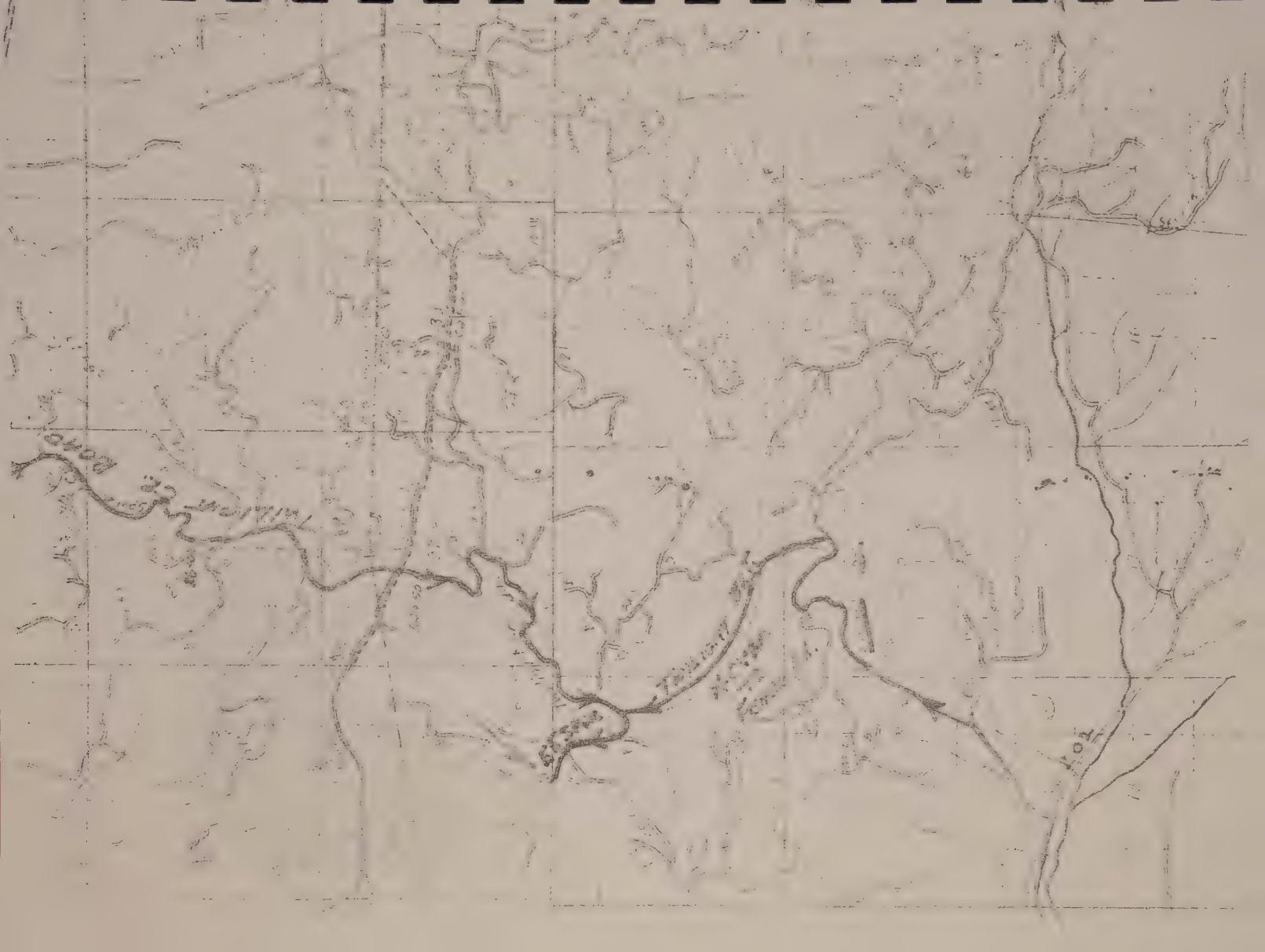




Call not back the dear departed,
Anchored safe where storms are o'er,
On the border land we left them
Soon to meet and part no more.

Far beyond this world of change
Far beyond this world of care
We shall find our missing loved ones
In our Fathers mansion fair.

Also granddaughter - Baby Lillenas - Jan. 28, 1905



This is the "trundle bed" that Haldor Lillenas told me he slept in when his family lived on the farm.

It must have been made by his Dad. Also, the little bath tub in the middle of the picture.

It was made of wooden staves set into a groove in the bottom and held in place with metal bands.

I am sure I had baths in this tub also.

Dad was a cabinet maker in Norway before he came to America. That accounts, I am sure, for all the things he made out of wood. He was always busy evenings puttering with something. He made some very pretty picture frames out of combining two shades of wood.

Evenings were spent sitting around the dining room table with a coal oil lamp for light.

Mother kept busy with her crocheting, knitting, darning and other projects. Piece-quilt making was one of her major projects.

Dad made himself a turning lathe and I used to enjoy watching to see what he could make out of a 2x2 piece of wood.

He made an organ which is still in existence also violins, guitars and other things.

In this picture I am holding a "Tina" which he made. I believe it was made out of spruce wood which could be steamed, curved and shaped into these boxes. Spruce roots were used to lace them together. After they were done he took some tools, heated them and burned designs in the wood.

Here I am holding a hooked rug I made from a picture of the Lillenas farm.

This is the last farm of the original Walluski community to still be occupied.

The buildings were never painted but they do look much better in color.

Since writing the February, 1969, report several major changes have taken place.

My sister Agnes changed her last name as of October 18, 1974. She is now Mrs. Einer Jeppesen and she and her husband live near Svensen in a large mobile home.

They were both interested in living on enough acreage so they could have chickens, a large vegetable garden and perhaps a cow. There was not much cleared land on the 10 A. so they got six goats to clear the brush. A small creek runs thru the place and sometimes fish come up that far.

Last year one day a young lady came to see me regarding buying the Lillenas farm. She said she was looking for a farm away from everything where she could raise her beef cattle without them breaking fences and bothering neighbors. Her farm was next to Greenwood Cemetery.

This was it! No telephone, no electricity and no neighbors for miles around.

However, she would have to have a telephone. This would be necessary because she is an xray technician at a Portland hospital two nights a week and on call two nights a week at the local hospital.

To make a long story short, Miss Linda Wahlstrom is now the owner of the Lillenas farm as of March 8, 1978. On the place now are beef cattle, pigs, chickens, a dog, several cats and perhaps goats.

A telephone has been installed. This had to be submerged 18 inches all the way from the house to the nearest connection over a mile away.

Conrad had "living rights" on the farm as long as he cared to stay. I asked him one day how he would like to live in a trailer home. He said he had been thinking about it. He told someone he thought he had lived out there alone on the farm long enough. That was all I needed!

Next door to where Agnes and Einer are living I noticed an empty house. An inquiry was made. It could be rented for $135.00 per month and could be moved into as soon as some minor repairs were made. Happy days! It did not take long to pack and move with two pickup trucks, cars and a lot of friends.

Listed below are some of the new things he is enjoying in his new home:

Electric lights. Electric stove, Electric refrigerator. Electric shaver.
Hot running water. Laundry tub with hot and cold water.
Oil heater. Franklin stove with wood available free.
Indoor plumbing with septic tank.
Mail box in sight. Three neighbors close by.

Bathtub in working order.
Hot running water.
Laundry tub with hot and cold water.
Oil heater.
Franklin stove with wood available--free.
Indoor plumbing with septic tank.
Mail box in sight.
Three neighbors close by.
No dog, cat, cattle or chickens to feed.
Piano came with house.
Agnes and Einer next door for shopping, transportation and phone.

While Conrad lived on the farm it was possible to arrange his income so as to qualify him for Social Security payments later. With that and monthly payments from sale of farm it should be possible for him to live comfortably for a long time.

I asked him recently how he was enjoying his new home. This was his answer: "I am having the time of my life in my "Dream Home".

It can truly be said "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose",--Romans 8:28.

* * *

Conrad standing outside of his "Dream House".

Many fond memories.

Linda Wahlstrom and Conrad Lillenas.

"MY CHILDHOOD MEMORIES"

By

Annie Raaum

Coming from South Dakota at the age of three, the first thing I clearly remember is of standing by the window at Astoria, Oregon, watching the street car go by being pulled by horses.

As we arrived at Walluski my first remembrance is of the little shack a few feet from the John J. Fitcha home. Later after moving into our own home it seemed the Fitcha home was the center of attraction to me. Nowhere did I think the apples grew larger and better than there.

My first memory of any church services was in their home, as Dorthea Fitcha was very poorly, so all our little group gathered there and Rev. P. Steen from Astoria preached. Rev. Steen could never come on Sundays, but week days were alright with the pioneers. All left their work to attend and it seemed so festive to meet and hear the word of God.

But with no pastor on Sundays, they still gathered and took turns to read a devotional book and sing hymns. I often remember how I would sit somewhere near by the one reading and as a page was turned I would glance over to see if the end was near. For to us youngsters we would rather run out doors and play with the neighbors' children while they were there.

We also had a Sunday School with mostly the parents reading and explaining the lessons at home, so there never was an excuse to miss the lessons, and at that time everything had to be committed to memory. I always felt so a shamed if Dad had to help me with a single word.

Andrew Lillenas was always the songleader and there was a time when he had a choir also. He was always a favorite with us youngsters. As I remember, he would come out and play games with us, and be so full of fun and played tricks on us. So, I think we all looked up to him as our hero.

As our place was the center of the neighborhood it was decided we were to have a school house and church on a hill opposite our house. How well I remember, all the neighbors came to cut down the big timber and cut the brush and in my fancy I pictured what it would look like when we would get both school and church so near. Sorry to say, that plan never materialized, but as long as we lived there, that hill was called "Skulehus Haugen" (School house hill).

There was a creek (Walluski River) running thru our homestead and that was where we played the most, wading, catching crawfish and all kinds of fun could be had there.

Father had to get work in Astoria so as to keep us from starving as it was impossible to eke out a living among those trees and stumps. Father came home only on weekends and he had to carry all our groceries on his back from the steam boat landing miles away.

Father at last found time to build a little chicken house and we got six hens and one rooster. We really were thrilled when we could run to the chicken house every time we heard a hen cackle to find an egg--think we even knew the voice of every hen and knew just who had laid the egg. When Father brot home a cow our joy was complete and later a calf came.

I remember in particular two Christmases. The first one was at the Lillenas home and the other one at our home. It had been raining very much so the creek was overflowing its banks. We expected Andrew Lillenas to come and help with decorating the tree and it worried me if he couldn't make it, but remember Father put on hip boots and went to the bridge and carried him on his back across the water.

When the Christmas program was over the children were allowed to strip the tree as most of the trimming was eatables, such as apples and cookies, and "Kringla" made from cooky dough. The largest and nicest apple was at the top of the tree. Remember Gustav Kleppey lifted up my brother so he could reach it.

The school became a problem to our parents as it was too far for brother and me to walk. So, to get some schooling, Mother, Brother and I moved in with our neighbors, the Ole Lillenas family for the school year. My what fun we really had then together with the Lillenas children, Paul, Johannes, Haldor and Katherine.

We had quite a few exciting things also happen which linger on in our memory. We had a strawberry patch which yielded a great deal of berries one season. Mother was busy putting up the berries as long as she had cans and sugar, the rest went to waste. The bear has a keen sense of smell, at least one visited our berry patch one nite or early morning. When Mother raised the window shade that morning he was having his breakfast of berries and at sight of her he headed for the woods. That day I stayed close to the house--had such fright for bears. Whenver we were sent to the neighbors we had only a narrow trail thru the woods and I used to think there was a bear behind every bush. Just stepping on a twig that would break, I would jump and feel my heart in my throat thinking he was right after us.

Oh, yes! Another animal we were afraid of was the skunk, altho not for his size, but for something else. We had rather an experience with him one late evening having to leave the house, and go out in the snow and cold because of his visit.

Our house consisted of two rooms, with a little attic above. A little later Father built a little lean-to room, which served as a kitchen in summer. We also had a hole in the ground which was our cellar or basement but it was not inclosed around so small animals could come and go at will under the house. Rats would gnaw holes thru floor in that lean-to kitchen and skunks came thru as well. Rats were easy to scare or trap--but we were rather more careful with the skunks.

Thorvald's story was interesting. I clearly remember all he tells about. One thing he missed about the fire as Mrs. Westbostad told us was that she had a large Bible. She ran out of the house with it, then seeing a water barrel, full, she tipped it over, then empty of water she put the Bible on the ground and put the wet barrel over it and that was the only thing she found the fire had not touched.

The next morning Mr. Westbostad came to Lillenas and asked if he would give him a comb as Kristine did not have one to comb her hair. Remember he cried as told about what they had gone thru, and it touched my heart so I could never forget it.

While we were staying in the shack near your grandmother's place, Mother had made "potatoe kake".Brother and I got each one, and we ran outdoors and stood watching several men including your uncle, Gustav Kleppey, and Westbostad laying shakes on a new barn they were building. Your grandmother had some large heavy chickens (rose comb) or double-comb as we called them. They came around and wanted our potato kake. I hurried and ate mine but Bernt was so taken up with the men on the roof, when the rooster bothered him he swung his arm behind his back. Rooster just walked around and nipped the "Kake" out of his hand. Bernt started after him and rooster ran to manure pile and dropped it. Bernt picked it up and was going to eat it. I took it away from him and threw it away. What a scream Brother set up! Mother came running, and Bernt said "Dube Kambe hanen tog kako mi." (Double-combed rooster took cake mine".) The men on the roof had seen it all, and sure laughed heartily.

Later in our own home when our cousins the Tvedt children stayed with us, Mary and Christ, the oldest, played April fool on us younger ones. Had to go hunting for something that was lost. We sure tried our best going up the Lillenas road when we were almost out of sight they called us back saying "April fool". We were all terribly mad, then Mary said, "Well, I'll bake you a cake because I have been mean to you." It wasn't every day we had cake in those days, so we could hardly wait. When we got it, she had put salt instead of sugar in it so it wasn't fit to eat. Then she said it was an April fool cake. We sure hated her then, I didn't think anyone could live and be so mean. I think I cried over that one.

When Uncle Tvedt got a house in Astoria he took five of his children to live with him. He was a widower, but Alfred stayed with us for some time. One day Alfred and Bernt were running on

a big log, Alfred Pushed Bernt, in fun I suppose. Bernt fell and struck another log knocking him out--he lay as dead. Mother carried him into the house and did all she could for him, lots of cold water I remember. Think Mother said it was an hour or more before he showed signs of life. I didn't dare go in the house, I was so frightened, and Alfred ran in the cellar and sat, so sure he had killed him--what a day--Mother alone with us.

Guess I left out what we did when we played in the creek. When we caught crawfish we would build a fire on the creek bank and heat water in a can. When it was boiling, we'd drop in the live crawfish and squat on the ground waiting for the feast to be ready. Sometimes we would cook or roast potatoes in the fire with it.

I do not remember if your mother lived out there after confirmation but I do know she did not move into the present home. She lived for several years in the old house as I stayed with your parents the summer I was 14 or 15 and then Conrad was about 14 or 15 months, just trying to walk. Remember how happy he was when he could stagger across the floor into our arms.

I can remember the milk room in the cellar of the old house. I used to sit there and churn butter for your mother. When she took the butter out of the churn she said I could take all the unsalted butter I wanted on bread, and did I ever pile it on, thought it was the best treat I could get.

Your dad taught me to milk that summer and every evening I would drink all the warm milk I could get down (cow-warm). Had just had rheumatic fever, so it was good to build up on.

Remember also how your dad would tease your mother. Once telling her when she was real young, he had asked Hannah, "Vil du vara jento mi?" (Will you be girl mine). "Nei, de vil eg ikke", (No that will I not) she answered. Then he turned to Julia and asked the same question and she answered, "Ja, de vil eg." (Yes that will I).

In the cellar of the old house which was not closed in, your Uncle Ole had a big tank sunk in the ground where he tanned cowhides into leather, then he made shoes for the family. I am quite certain he made a pair of shoes for me while we lived out there.

The summer I stayed with your parents when Conrad was a baby several other things came to pass which I remember clearly. Once your mother had bought a can of lye. In some manner she spilt some so she scraped it unto a saucer. Your dad came in, saw it and wondered what it was. Thinking it was sugar, he put his tongue on it. He just jumped with the sting of it, he sure found out what it was. Burned a hole in the tip of his tongue, so he could hardly eat for days, it was so sore. We teased him about it. Your mother said he always wanted to investigate everything, so it served him right.

Your dad was a busy man so chicken house didn't get any care. Lice and mites got the best of them. I just loved to pick in eggs, but one day I got scared. I got so filled up I had to change my clothes.

Meanwhile, a hen had hatched out eggs but one by one the chicks died. When only one was left I told your dad I wanted to take that and raise it. He laughed at me. So I took it in the house and that chick followed me everywhere. I clucked as much as a hen as I could, and when I was out of sight, he just chirped at the top of his voice until he saw me or heard me clucking. It really was funny. When I went to the woodshed after wood it was right on my heels.

At nite I wrapped him in cotton batting and stuck him in an old bird cage. If he wasn't satisfied he would whimper a little, and I'd tuck him in some more till he was satisfied. Your dad laughed at it many times. He would say, "It will only be a rooster anyway". We named him "Pete". I had to go home at that time, but he managed to care for himself and your dad told me later it turned out to be a rooster alrite. But I enjoyed the work with him, and your folks had fun out of it too.

We children really thought we were having a full life, and plenty of excitement, never bored with life as you sometimes hear, even little children say nowadays.

* * *

WALLUSKI RECOLLECTIONS

by

Bernt Saterbo

My Father and Mother came from Fitchar on the island of Stord in 1882. Father came to South Dakota, then part of Dakota Territory, and settled at what is now the town of Colton, where his brother Nils had homesteaded in 1876.

Mother came to Lamberton, Minnesota, where she worked for Mrs. Hendrickson, the mother of Eliza Kleppey. Later she went to Dakota where her brother Andrew had settled and there Dad and Mother were married December 16, 1883. There at, what is now, Colton, Anna K. was born in 1885 and Bernt C. in 1887. In 1942 Bernt C. sent to S. Dakota for a birth certificate. When properly filling out a "deferred Certificate" it was filed at the county seat. On it was an affidavit by Nels Dybvik, then 97 years old, as to the blessed event.

Terrific thunderstorms in the summer of 1887 and the great snowstorm of January 12, 1888, decided the Saterbos to go west in the fall. They came first to Seattle, stayed a short time at Paulsbo, Washington, and in November, 1888, came to Astoria. They moved out to Walluski valley early in 1889.

My early recollections are very hazy and dates can not be given. I remember Dorthea Fitcha well because she always was so kind to us kids and never failed to have something tasty for us to eat. The first Christmas either 1890 or 1891 was held at the Lillenas place.

Two cousins of my Father stayed at our place--Nils and Louie. Louie just out from Norway hit a skunk with a stick, in the lean-to back of our cabin which drove us all out in the cold. The men folk went out and got cedar bows and burnt them in the cabin to deodorize the place.

Nils Tidslevold had contracted tuberculosis and remained with us until shortly before he died when he moved into Bue's in Astoria where he died in the fall of 1892.

Elling Salamonson stayed with us one winter while recuperating from a bullet wound in the shoulder. He was shot in the shoulder by Charley Knutson (later at Svensen) on a hunting trip in the Lewis and Clark country.

Simon Westbostad was a bachelor when he first settled in the Walluski. Kristine Kristoffersdatter Hatlevik worked in Astoria a year or two before they were married. She had a brother Lars Kristofferson who had a bakery shop in Astoria. I can barely remember him (he gave me cookies). He went back to Norway in 1891.

Thorvald Krager came to them as a foster child at Christmas time, 1893, one month before he was five years old. Mother, Sister and I were at Westbostad's waiting for Simon and Dad who took turns carrying him out over a muddy trail.

Either in the summer of 1893 or 1894 Paul and John Lillenas had dammed up the creek just below the old pump where the water was secured for the old Lillenas house. They had built a raft on which we used to navigate for a very limited distance. One day while Mother and Anna Lillenas had gone to Olney my Sister and I were at Lillenas' and I joined the sailors. Somehow or other, Haldor and I fell into the water. The water was of no great depth but Haldor was sitting on me while hollering for help. By the time Paul pulled us out I was almost agoner.

In 1895 Dad was working in town and Mother, Sis and I moved up to Lillenas' so that Sis and I could go to school. The school house was on the river bank of the north fork of the north fork of the Klaskanine near the John Leahy place. John and Haldor Lillenas had gone there previously but for Sis, Katrine Lillenas and me it was our first such adventure.

Olaf Fitcha stayed at Estoos' and also went with us to school that year from April to July. From school one hot day in July we saw the mushroom cloud of smoke from the fire that burned the Westbostad home and almost burned Mrs. Westbostad and Thorvald.

Timothy Leahy, John Leahy's oldest son was our teacher. He had had no high school or college but had taken an examination and acquired a certificate from the county superintendent. Attending three months of that country school put me in the third grade in Astoria school next year.

One day in March, 1896, Dad and Sis and I were planting spuds when a hurried messenger came from Lillenas' for Mother to come and assist in the delivery of a new arrival namely George Lillenas.

One thing that happened in 1895 is indelibly etched in my memory. We were at Lillenas' when Gust Kleppoy came to tell us that his Mother had passed away. Andrew Lillenas went down to help make the coffin. Several days later we all attended the funeral, the first such experience for me. I felt a great personal loss and death seemed so cruel.

Late in May, 1896, we moved to Astoria, but in summer vacation I was up to Westbostad's for a while in 1897 and again in 1898.

In 1898 the Ole Lillenas family moved to Minnesota. They were at our place for supper and we saw them off on the boat for Portland.

In 1899 I spent several weeks with Andrew while Mrs. Lillenas was in Astoria when Conrad was born. The three following years I was there also, one of which was batching again with Andrew when Dorothy was born. Those summer vacations spent with Andrew Lillenas stand out as the finest time of my boyhood days. No person outside of my immediate family meant so much to me.

Rev. Olson I can barely remember as the first preacher to visit the Walluski Valley. He died in 1892. From then till we moved to town Rev. P. Steen came out quite frequently. He used to come out on horseback. I am quite sure he officiated at Dorthea's funeral. He went east in 1898 and came back about 1915 or 1916.

Those were the days of the hardy pioneers. I was born in a prairie sod house in Dakota Territory. To get to Walluski we came across Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington, all still territories, to the State of Oregon.

Walluski was truly a pioneer area but the brotherly love, cooperation and mutual help which prevailed among that group of families could well serve as a model for more modern communities.

- - -

John B. Saterbo cabin taken in 1913. That is Haldor Lillenas standing in the doorway.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Saterbo and Bernt and Annie

11/14/56

COPY OF LETTER
from

Thorwald Krager

Dear Dorothy:

I was indeed surprised to hear from you. I think you have a good idea and I would like to have a copy of your book.

I remember quite clearly most of the incidents that happened while I lived out there. I also remember you when you were a little girl.....you had the most big round cheeks--just like polished apples--you were a cute kid.

I have often marveled at the courage of those people who lived out in that wilderness and tried to wrest a living out there--clearing the land to make fields to plant and with very meager resources. They had the largest, toughest old spruce stumps to dig out and believe me there is nothing as tough as a spruce stump and the spruce trees out there were immense. I remember one big tree that was blown down in a storm--it fell across the road about a mile west of Kleppey's place. They cut steps in it so they could climb over it. It took two men a whole week to cut it and then split it with black powder so they could get the pieces small enough to move them off the road.

It must have been 1893 that Westbostad took me out to the old homestead. I was four years old and I remember the day I left my Mother who was sick in bed with T.B. Westbostad brought me in to see her once again before she died and I remember the first night when he packed me out on his back. The next morning I went out to the barn and corral and how the cows lowered their heads and came over to sniff at me and I got so scared I crawled through the fence.

I remember my first Christmas out there. They gave me a nickle and a pair of bib overalls. Boy! was I proud of those! I strutted around the kitchen proud as a peacock!

I don't remember how old I was when I started to school. The school house was up on the hill on Estaas' place. The first year I went to school the Lillenas children were going there too, but they moved away before the next term started. I was the only pupil in that school for two terms. Annie Cole from Youngs River was my teacher and she boarded with us the last term I went to school there--and was I glad to have company on my way to school.

I was scared to death to go to school all alone through the woods. I took a trail through the woods to Saterbo's place and across the creek on their place, then I walked the County road the rest of the way. If I could have had a dog--but Westbostad wouldn't let me, they said it would muddy up their porch. On my way to school I would walk a little ways then stop and look back to see if any cougars were following me. One day I started to school,at the edge of the clearing I saw the largest bear tracks across the trail. His rear paws looked a foot long. I turned and ran back home crying and told Mrs. Westbostad about the bear tracks. She calmed me down and led me up the trail past the bear tracks and I went on my way to school.

One day I confided to John Fitcha how scared I was to go through the woods alone. He said if I heard anything in the brush to stop and holler at the top of my voice. One day I was on my way home from school about halfway between Saterbo's place and Westbostad'swhen I heard a loud crackling in the brush. My hair stood on end! I stopped and hollered loud as I could and in a moment a big red steer came out of the brush--gee, was I glad to see that steer! I could have kissed him!

It was a wild country in those days. There were a lot of cougars and bears there. Quite often they would kill some of the young stock.

One day I was home playing out in the yard when Kristine came out and took me in the house and closed the door. She wouldn't tell me why but later on she told me she had heard a cougar back of the woodshed.

One evening Kristine and I went out after the cows. We got lost and spent all night out in the woods sitting with our backs against a large tree. Simon wasn't home--he was out working somewhere on the County road.

The first summer I was there we had a crown forest fire. Kristine and I were home alone. About 10:00 A.M. we heard an awful roar. A crown fire was coming from the east. We started packing our household goods out of the house and put them under a big log near the house. Everything burned up--the house, the log and the barn. We sat up on the hillside under a big fir tree brushing the embers off our clothes. All I had on was a pair of pants and a shirt. When Simon came home that evening from working on the road.he found everything but the cattle burned up. He had two biscuits left in his lunch box. We ate them, then he went to our neighbor about two miles east, (two Irish bachelors). He came back with two loaves of home made bread and a leg of jerked mutton. I can still remember how awful that dried mutton tasted!

The Kleppey place was vacant so we moved there and lived in it while Simon built another house. I liked it there because it had a creek down thehill in front of the house and I played there many hours. The Kleppey place, I guess, was the old Fitcha place. It had a log cabin on it and the orchard back of the house had the most delicious apples! Up on the hill back of the house was the graveyard where the old folks were buried. It had a white picket fence around it.

I remember Mrs. Fitcha being ill. She had dropsey and the doctor would come out from town and tap her and one day I watched him do it and I remember her dying and Andrew Lillenas making the coffin.

I also remember your mother before she was married. She was a beautiful girl and she sure worked hard out on the farm after she was married. I often thought there must be easier ways to make a living than trying to farm out in that wilderness.

Mrs. and Mr. Thorvald Krager, Conrad Lillenas
and Olaf J. Fitcha

This picture was taken in September, 1957.

I remember Eliza when she came out to Walluski. I think she was 16 years old. Gust gave her a little white pony and called it Kit. Eliza rode side saddle in those days. When Kit would get tired of some one riding her she would lay down--and that amused me.

We moved into town in 1897. We stayed at Bue's for a while. Simon got a job as a carpenter working on the railroad depot. I used to take his lunch out to him. Little did I dream then that I would spend my life on that railroad. Next June (1958) it will be 51 years since I went to work in the Round-House at Astoria.

I tried once to find the old road from your place down to the old homestead but it was all grown up with alders and the old railroad bridges were all rotted down.

Next summer I want to go out and see your place and the place where I first started to school. (he did)

I hope this will be of some help to you. I don't remember the exact dates. I was too young to remember them.

Sincerely,

THORWALD KRAGER

P. S.--Do you remember Mrs. Estaas? She wore a black shawl over her head and wooden shoes.

One time they lost a cow--hunted all over for her. One day some one was near John Fitcha's cabin which was vacant. They heard a faint sound, opened the door and there was the cow. She had walked in and accidentally closed the door behind her. Had been there a week without food or water and was so weak she couldn't stand up. They had to build her strength up before they could move her.

Have you a picture of Kristine and Simon? I have one and you can use it if you return it. Kristine was a small, frail woman. She had terrific headaches and she would get sick to her stomach and vomit. She had one eye that was always running--was caused by bad teeth. They never went to a dentist. After moving to Mollala she had all her teeth out and her health improved.

- - -

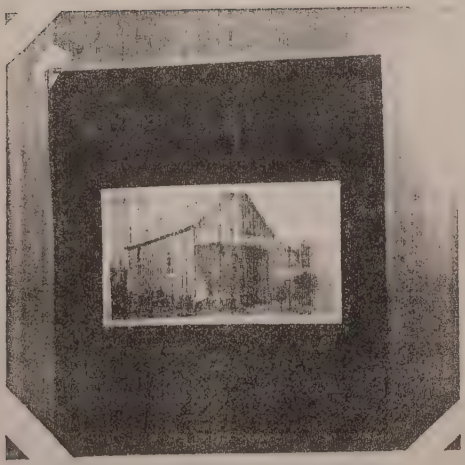
(from top)

John B. Saterbo
Simon Westbostad

Mrs. Saterbo, Annie and
Mrs. Westbostad

Bernt Saterbo and
Thorvald Krager

Part of Westbostad home with Eliza Kleppey sitting on walk with her two dogs.



Old school house on the Estoos' hill.

Dorothy sitting on the partly tumbled down porch.

THINGS I REMEMBER OF WALLUSKI

by

Eliza Kleppey

On April 2, 1898, I arrived in Astoria on the river boat, J. T. POTTER. I had arrived in Portland the day before.

No one knew I was coming so I went to the Occident Hotel in Astoria.Frank Sherman with his yellow buggy and two pretty horses met the POTTER and took me to the best hotel.

I located Mrs. Hannah Mathews who was before her marriage Hannah Fitcha and from there I got word around some way and Theodor Estoos came up there to see me and told how I could get out to Olney. On the day the boat, a small steamer, would go, John Fitcha went along out and Ole Estoos met us with two horses at Olney so Ole and John had to change about and walk.

I asked Ole, "Where is your farm?". "All that cleared land you see by the house", Ole said--not as big as our lawn in Cottonwood county, Minnesota. So, here I was in Oregon.

My two cousins, Ole and Theodor Estoos, and their mother had a real nice home and it was wonderful to visit them. They were right near the almost beginning of the Walluski River.

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Lillenas were close neighbors to the Estooses and Andrew Lillenas lived with the Ole Lillenas family.

The school house was on the Estoos land where the Lillenas children went to school and also Thorvald Krager who lived further along the river with the Simon Westbostads. Annie Cole was the teacher there the spring I came out, and I used to visit the school.

Later, in the early fall, the Ole Lillenas family left and went to North Dakota.

The John Saterbo family had a house out there but had moved to Astoria before I came out.

The John Fitcha homestead was empty most of the time. Maybe Gustav Kleppey was there part of the time.

Andrew Lillenas and Julia Fitcha were married the 11th of July, 1898, and went to housekeeping out there where the walluski River runs thru their farm, and it was their home always. Their children grew up out there--Conrad, Dorothy and Agnes.

I left for my home in Minnesota the following fall and worked in Springfield for the newspaper as I was a type setter for the weekly paper there before I came out west.

The next time I saw the Walluski was in 1900. Gustav came back to Minnesota to settle the Fitcha estate and we were married June 27, 1900, and came out late that fall.

We decided we would move into the Simon Westbostad home out on the Walluski as they had moved to Astoria. It was quite a new home so that was our home for several years.

I had a pony that I rode every place I went, it was a wonderful time. I hunted wild cats which there was an abundance of. They were always trying to get our chickens. Olaf Fitcha lived with us while we were out there.

While we lived out there the most terrible forest fire came, September 12, 1902. Gust was working at Matson's camp and about 4:00 o'clock in the morning Mr. Kinney came and hollered if I was home. He said the camp had burned out and Mr. Kleppey had to go into Astoria in order to get home and had his horses along. It was dark at 3:00 p.m.

I put wet sacks on the roof and carried water up a ladder to keep it wet because so much moss and stuff came flying in the wind. Our little black dog, Murphy, climbed the ladder after me, he was so worried, and I carried him under my arm back down every time. I had to keep a cloth over my mouth so as not to inhale ashes and my rose bushes died from the heat and smoke.

Kinney said the fire will be here as soon as the sun gets up and it will pass your place. I said, "I'll hope and pray that it won't come"--and it did not come.

I had driven the cows down to the Walluski River and knew they could save themselves. Early next morning a fog came up and it rained later so the fire did not come nearer than two miles from us.

Now the only time I get to see or visit in the Walluski district is when I go out to the Lillenas farm on the Walluski.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Gustav B. Kleppey

It was always lots of fun for us kids when these folks came to visit. They had a little black dog named Murphy and Uncle Gust had so many interesting hunting stories to tell. Often came on horeseback. Usually had a bag of candy for us.

In her later days Mother often talked about Gust and his horses. She said she "saw" him "right out there on the other side of the gate" and she would point out the window. "If Gust would only come, he could take care of his horses." Yes, she too now is on the other side of the gate.

On December 12, 1909, Ernest Kleppey arrived while his folks lived in Seaside. He has a son named Rodney who has a son named Ernie.

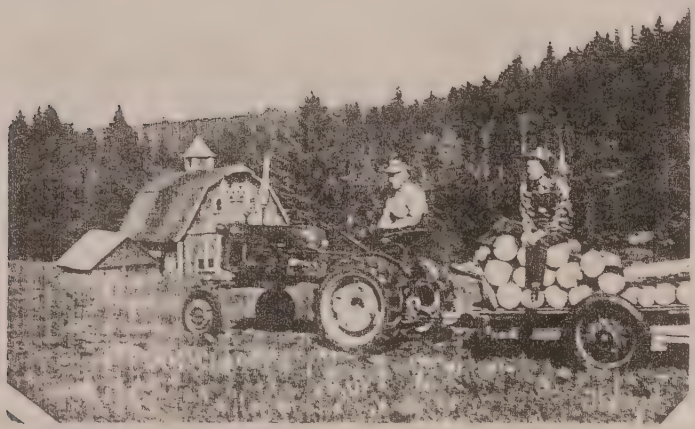
In April, 1958, Aunt Eliza is going to Malta, Montana, on the "Empire Builder" to visit her brother Henry Hendrickson. Her two sisters are coming from Minneapolis. Pushing up on 84 and still going strong. More power to her!

Front row:

Agnes Lillenas-Steele
Ione Mathews-Rogers
Dorothy Lillenas-Peek

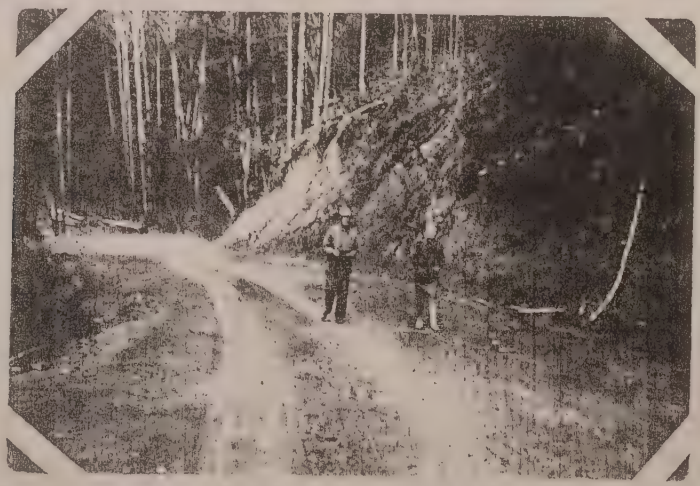
Back row:

Eliza Kleppey
Conrad Lillenas
Hannah Fitcha-Mathews
Olaf J. Fitcha
Guy Rogers



Olaf Fitcha
and
Conrad Lille
hauling wood
Lillenas far

Conrad Lillenas
and
Agnes Lillenas-Steele
on
Crown Z. road.



Gust Kleppey and son Ernest going to work with horses.

Note two tall snags in back.

Left to right: Conrad Lillenas, Lola Lillenas, Bernt Saterbo,
Olaf J. Fitcha, Julia Lillenas and Haldor Lillenas

Bernt Saterbo, Lola Lillenas and Haldor Lillenas

CHILDHOOD'S CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

By

Conrad Lillenas

The turn of the century is too far back for me to remember, so I will let my childhood's memoirs begin with

1904

Father cleared the land, later occupied by the Himalaya Orchard that spring. Haldor was here and evidently thought that he might as well make fast work of it, so he took a peavy and rolled a few fir cuts down the steep dump-off place hard by. Dorothy and I ran down to see what had happened between cuts. They rolled merrily down and he gave us strict orders to stay clear.

When the land clearing was finished in May, Fther dug the post holes and when he was busy with that work he looked over Estoos way and saw their dwelling in flames. So he rushed over to help them. Little they saved. They built up the new house in 28 days. In the mean time they lived in our Old House.

Anna Saterbo and another Anna (later Mrs. Martin Berg) were here for a visit that summer. It so happened that Dorothy had leaned on the leaf of the dining room table and had broken it. So, one evening Father was busy putting it back on again and the two Annas needed to be pretty loud to be heard above Father's carpenter work.

The Kleppey folks were living in a house at the corner of 15th and Niagara. While there we saw some Chinamen bring along a wagonload of butchered pigs for a burn offering to the dead in a nearby cemetery. O. I. Raaum explained to them the way of salvation.

"Culto" was a daughter of Maggy, our mare. She was colored like whey. Father put a bridle and reins on her and gave her a slight breaking in. She was sold to someone on the Kamm farm about 1906 and spent the rest of her life there.

1905

A sister who was not destined to live was born in Astoria, January 28.

Two flocks of sheep were herded over our place from north to south, along the county road. Came from Knappa.

A man came from the north one morning and when he came to our bull he stopped, afraid to pass him. Then mother came along and biffed him away with an empty bucket. He went, perhaps to Olney, and when he returned Culto annoyed him so he carried a rail to keep her at a safe distance.

1907

Mr. and Mrs. N. Hendrickson came here and stayed a few weeks. He impressed me to be a very earnest Christian. She too, no doubt, was a noble soul.

Fred Blaisdell was here to hire Father to work for him on the new Nehalem road, which he did in the fall. He came to Dorothy and me first and we, thinking him to be Uncle Gust because he carried a firearm, talked Norwegian to him and by signs directed him.

1908

When we were in Astoria in September we likely went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Nels Steffensen. Had noon meal there. Mrs. S. Knew volumes about the folks around. Took several trips on the street car with Bernt Saterbo at the controls.

Came home after dark and at "Horse Shoe Bend" we went off the road but Father who seemed to have cat eyes guided us home. Could take as much as five hours to Astoria. When we went we couldn't return the same day. Had to put the horse into a livery stable or Ben Ekoos' horse barn on 38th Street.

1909

George Oakley came here in June to trap. He stayed in the Saterbo house. He fished also and likely did like the upper Walluski pioneers did, made the Klaskanine their favorite stream. Went down the Old Road and turned in at the Holcrans Road. All that is left of the latter road now is a straight strip about 100 feet long with a well trodden and ancient looking cow trail running the length of it. Theodor's cows some times went down that way. Oakley sawed firewood for Theodor part time. He was here a while in 1910 too.

A horse rake was bought and put to use. (Still in use)

Fred Normand shot a bear and Father made five gallons of shoe grease from that animal.

Agnes was born September 17th. Mrs. Fred Normand was the midwife. While she and her daughter were here we picked blueberries too.

Rev. and Mrs. G. Blessum were here a few days in the last part of October when Agnes was baptized. Blessum was interested in having me make a toy water wheel, probably six inches through and have a peg in its axle to activate a tiny hammer to make noise. Sad to say, it didn't appeal to me--too miniature. Too much like his ship models.

1910

Our education began when Mother sat down and had us read out of "Barnebogen" (a Norwegian A B C) and she would take a nap between the letters and words. Later she taught us more including English. Then Miss Laura Jeffers taught us in the Old House during 1910 and 1911. We went to a new school house down by the fish hatchery the last four grades, from where we graduated in January 1916.

1911

A new road was built June, 1910 to June 1913, by a total of 19 men. John Hansen who also sawed logs for Theodor, sawed all the logs on the right-of-way from the upper end of the Old Road and down to the beginning of the second mile. He got up before dawn to get started at daylight. Sawed in rain and shine as well as with snow on the ground, keeping on untill dark. Two jack screws were used to roll logs. Hansen had a terrible temper and our old dog, Sport, had a great disliking for him. We would always have to be on guard when Hansen was expected back from work so he would not get bit. Three teams were used part time to pull plow and scrapers on the road work.

I slept upstairs in one big room that it was, and made merry over the road workers at the wrong time--when they were getting dressed. Christian came quickly and gave me an ear pulling. So I quit it. A few days later when some of them left, Christian passed by my bed and told me, "Var en snil gut nu, Esau," to which I answered, "Don't pinch me, Isac." As he wrapped up something in a paper he looked at me with a smile spread all over his face, but said nothing.

Father worked at the fish hatchery September , 1911 to March, 1912, doing carpenter work and making a water wheel.

Mabel Dybvig was here a week in Domember, 1911.

Gilbert Vikan was here December 29, 1911 to January 3, 1912. I never knew anyone so inclined to tell about answered prayers as he was. (Mr. Vikan was married to Katherine Lillenas)

A Spurgeon sermon book was received in December, 1914--a big improvement over Johann Arndt's "True Christianity".

A bicycle was bought for me. Used mostly at home. Was a good investment though. Had it from 1915 to 1918. Sold to Leslie Smith.

It was edifying to me in the confirmants class to listen to the minister's teaching. Once he reminded us of the foundation that standeth sure, II Tim. 2:19. He asked the class if they knew the name of the man who said, "Give me where to stand and I will move the earth." Melvin Wold had heard about the man but could not recall his name.

Mrs. Gunhilde Estoos passed away February 15, 1916 at the age of 75.

By the way--Do you remember Plommerose? She was a cow who had turned great-grandma by the time that she was sold to Fred Olson in October, 1907.

- - -

Do you remember: A bridge in Bengalen which was an interesting landmark. Was built in 1897 by pioneers.

" When we went down to J. J. Fitcha place we went in and looked at a lumbersome three-cornered harrow that Uncle Gust had made and used some. It was stood on edge. The little man that he was had an excuse for such weight of implements, "Let the horse pull it, don't make a horse of yourself."

" the genèlemen in their stocking feet that Thorwald Krager drew on the blackboard in the old schoolhouse on the Estoos place? they took things in stride for a number of years. One had a valise with "fresh eggs" in. Those guys!

Nothing very exciting happened in my Childhood's Clouds and Sunshine.

Conrad standing in the doorway of the "Walluski Archives". The stump of the big, tall snag can be seen in the lower right-hand corner.

MAR 1958

Conrad and "Stella" very disgusted that the daffodil he is holding is not edible. Agnes' brush pile is burning in the background. The tree is one of the birches which Dad grew from seed.

Evangeline Lillenas-Williams
and
Conrad Lillenas

This picture was taken by an old King apple tree which was part of the original orchard on the Lillenas farm. House, woodshed and garage can be seen in the background. Note holes in bark of tree pecked out by woodpeckers to catch sap and insects.

THESE THINGS I REMEMBER

by

Agnes Lillenas-Steele

The editor is patiently (?) waiting for the chapter from me. As I came along on the fringe of the pioneer age this will be very brief--but these things I remember.

One of the earliest memories are of going to Estoos on Sundays for Sunday devotion. My father read the sermon for that Sunday. Mrs. Estoos always wore her black shawl over her head. After she passed away these sermons were read in our home. Sitting on a straight backed, oak chair for two hours at times was quite an endurance record. I was always glad when Sundays were over as we were not allowed to do anything on Sundays outside of reading and going for a walk--and I had already walked everywhere.

We had a dog named Sport who looked like he was part husky. He was a few months older than I. He was not scared of man or beast so I wasn't afraid in my wanderings around the woods when I had him along.

My job after the two-mile walk from school was to get the cows. I would take the dog but sometimes he'd take off for home before all the cows were headed home. They would go to Saterbo's and sometimes farther down. If it was getting dark I would get Buttercup, a small Jersey, last and hold on to her tail. She made a good seeing-eye cow as I could always tell when she came to a log.

I had to go two miles thru the woods to the Hatchery School. Conrad walked down with me till I got out of the woods when I was in first and second grades. Quite often I would see fresh bear tracks and wild cat tracks but only saw one wild cat. I used to watch the little wrens. They were my favorites and I used to marvel at their ability to turn over large leaves many times their size.

After the Palmer Logging Company was thru logging, parts of the woods were more open. When the south-westers blew I would have to wait until the trees that were left standing started to straighten up before going past them.

Then when I got up to the home end of the trail I'd walk very lightly as for a few years the folks and Estoos owned a black Jersey bull who had been stoned quite often by the loggers as he was hard on wood piles and water pumps. So, I had to see him before he saw me. And my mother wondered why I was a nervous child!

I definitely must have been a tomboy. My dad would come in and ask Mother if he could have a "teamster" and that would excuse me from anything I was doing in the house. I loved to drive the horses and would ride Molly when the potatoes and strawberries were cultivated. Mother would get help with baking cookies and pies but household chores were not a bit interesting to me.

Mother sewed all my clothes and of course that made me the best dressed in school even if I had only a few outfits. Most of the other pupils were from a family of twelve and their mother didn't have time to get their clothes to fit. I know that Mother's sewing ability gave me a good start for teaching my daughters to sew through leadership in 4-H sewing club work.

Most of my toys were home made. I especially remember my father made a two-wheeled cart out of a salt box for my pet cat Frisky. I was always making harnesses for the cats and would, with a piece of meat on a fork, get quite a bit of stove wood hauled about the kitchen. One day there was a knock on the back door and there was Uncle Olaf on a vacation trip. Frisky took off, cart and all, under the wood shed. The cat appeared later--but the cart was not found till some 20 years later when a floor board in the wood shed had to be replaced.

Then I remember one evening going down to the barn to carry the lantern for my father so he could carry the milk buckets. Our dog was barking at something under a wooden sled by the barn. Father put the buckets down on the trail and we went to investigate--I thought he had one of our cats. I scolded the dog but it didn't do much good so I set the lantern down, got down on all fours, and parted the grass and the shining eyes I saw weren't cat's eyes! Dad lifted the end of the sled and we soon found out what it was. The dog killed it but not soon enough--it was a skunk and I had been just inches away. The poor dog ran and rubbed his nose in the ground and Dad ran quickly to grab the milk buckets and head for home. The next morning we went to investigate and there was the dead skunk just a few feet from the sled. The dog had given it such a quick shake that its back was broken and the lungs were lying on the outside of the fur. The dog knew he <u>had</u> to work <u>fast</u>.

My introduction to the automobile age was one day when I was with my father on a trip to the Olney store. One of these contraptions came around the corner and it was too much for Roxey, the old white horse, he went straight up the bank and stopped--he was a lazy horse. Luckily he didn't break anything on the buggy and Dad got him back on the road, hoping we didn't meet another car before we reached our road.

In 1922 Dad bought his Chevrolet panel delivery truck and then I feel that we, the last ones in the upper Walluski Valley, left the pioneer age.

I often wished my folks had moved and often wondered what life would have been like if they had, instead of just barely getting along. But they seemed to think that was where they should live. Perhaps they were right.

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The "Old House"

This is the oldest available picture of my first home. It was built by Ole and Andrew Lillenas about 1889. Ole decided to move back to North Dakota so he sold his half interest to his brother for $500.

After Mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Fitcha passed away she moved to Astoria where she found employment, most of which was at the Ekstrom home.

On July 11, 1898, she and Dad were married and she moved up to the Lillenas homestead where they lived till their new home was built at the turn of the century.

This picture shows the "shanty" part of the old house and the woodshed. There was a roof over the back porch which is visable. The kitchen, pantry and one bedroom were in this part of the house.

The main part of the house had a front room and one bedroom were in this past of the house. One bedroom upstairs.

In later years the lean-to was torn down and the main house was converted to a school house for Conrad and me. Miss Laura Jeffers was our 3rd and 4th grade teacher. Mother taught us our primary grades.

I remember I was not very interested in learning to read. Mother said I was much more interested in the fly in the window, Sometimes Dad would come in and ask Mother if he could have a "teamster". So, school was out for that day. That suited me fine.

For our 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades Brother and I went two miles to the Klatskanine School down by the Fish Hatchery in the Olney community.

Andrew Lillenas family taken 1901.
Note my long dress.
Organ at left was made by my Dad.

This is Conrad on porch of old house.
That is Mom under the water bucket.
Water supply at left in tub.
Taken 1901.

Exploring the old Saterbo house was always great adventure. There were two rooms to the front and the back lean-to had fallen in. I remember some steps at the back going up to the upper part of the house. They were almost as steep as a ladder.

East of the house was an old cherry tree and a plant of thyme was still growing. Oh, how sweet that smelled! Behind the house was a trail where they used to start off and go to the Westbostad place but we never ventured thru there. Used to hear about some cattle being lost in the woods back of there one rough, cold winter.

If the cows were not found on the Saterbo place we would look for their tracks at the junction. Yes, there they were in the mud of the trail pointing towards the J. J. Fitcha place. So, on our way for further explorations. This part of the road was always sort of spooky to me--it was thru such dense, tall timber.

By this time the roof of the cabin on the Fitcha place had started to fall in and brush was growing up all around it. Seems there was a small square hole in the ceiling with a ladder on the wall to climb up on. Heard reports of how one of the bachelors was up there writing love letters and would not let any of the others come up so they went up on the roof, put a wet sack over the chimney and smoked him out. "Brendende Kjarlighed". Remember a corner shelf with some old fruit jars in it. (This is now in the Lillenas basement)

On the hill just above the Fitcha place is the little graveyard where J. J. and Dorthea Fitcha are buried, also my little sister who was stillborn in 1905. Well remember the picket fence built around the three little mounds. Yes, "When the trumpet shall sound" they will be the only ones to answer in the little Walluski valley.

Back to the cows. If we could not hear their bells here we knew that they had gone on up to the Westbostad place. This was up on a hill towards the east. Remember a fence with a gate that was used to keep the Kinney cattle away. (Pat and Mike Kinney were two Irish bachelors who lived on what is now the Wayne Suokko place)

I do not remember much of the Westbostad house. It was unpainted and quite dark and gloomy looking. There were a lot of daffodils and a few fruit trees, most of which had been broken down by the bears climbing for apples. The last time I was there I remember picking an armload of daffodils. They undoubtedly still bloom every spring--perhaps the only link with the past to be found there.

I well remember the Olaf Fitcha cabin. We went down there one day when Paul and Mabel Lillenas were here for a visit. Uncle Olaf lived there then and he made biscuits for us. Were they ever good! Another time we walked down that far with Bernt who had been out for a visit. Remember watching him as he disappeared out of sight down the trail into the deep woods.

By now we have rounded up all the cows and are headed for home.

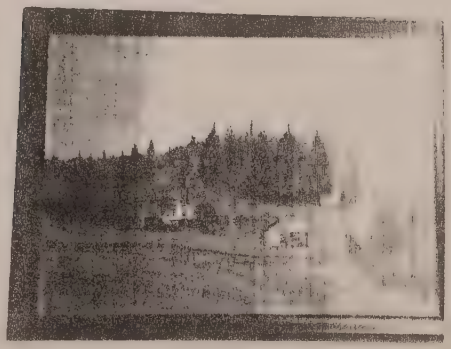
This is a snapshot of Dad in his later years.

It was taken down near the old pig house. He was tired so he just sat down.

He always had a following of cats everywhere he went. He is holding his hat in one hand and petting the cute little pussy cat with the other hand.

We children all turned grey-haired early and we are sure it was inherited.

This is a picture of an oil painting 18" x 24" which I painted of the farm. There is smoke in the kitchen chimney which was always a good sign every time we came to the bend in the road where we could first see the house.



This is Mother Gunhilde Estoos. I never saw her without a shawl on her head.

She always had a dried chicken wing to brush off the top of her kitchen stove.

We used to go over to her house on Sundays for church services.

Sometimes she served chocolate and that was a big treat for me.

Picture taken July 31, 1904.

Theodore Estoos lived with his mother for many years.

He and my Dad would get together with a lot of the farm work--he always had better horses than we did.

After he moved away his brother Ole and family moved out to the farm.

They finally moved to Brownsmead and the farm has been vacant since.

Picture taken July 31, 1904.

First Estoos house. Looks like a good potato crop in front. A deep well was located just at the end of these rows. After water was piped to the house from a reservoir up in the woods this well was filled in and abandoned.

This picture shows the Estoos barn with first house in the background. About 1902.

Just south of the J. J. Fitcha place there was a big, high bridge where the cows had made a path on the higher edge of it. They would run down the hill and then over this bridge. We would wait till they were well over it and then we would walk across knowing it would be safe for us then.

Just past the Saterbo junction there were places in the road where the mud was real deep where the cows would step. Instead of walking on the ridges between their tracks I would step right into the deep mudholes up to my knees in the mud--soft mud squishing between my toes. Needless to say, I would have to run down to the creek and wash off before I would be allowed home in the house.

It was always a treat to be permitted to take off my shoes and long black stockings in the springtime and go barefooted for the rest of the summer. Spruce stickers and oat stubble were about the only things that made me wish for my shoes.

And so ends a trip after the cows.

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Now, lets go over to Estoos' place.

I well remember Mrs. Estoos and Theodore living there. She always wore a home-knit shawl or two wrapped around her head, crossed over the front and wrapped around her waist. She evidently was always cold because the fire in her kitchen stove was always burning. To brush off her stove she used a dried chicken wing. This always fascinated me. Her bedroom was next to the kitchen and I remember her little bed was always piled high with pillows.

Ole Estoos had moved away in 1900 but Theodore was there with his mother. On Sundays they would come over to our place or we would go over therefor Sunday devotional services. Like Annie said in her report, I would also try to get a chair close to the one reading the text so as to see how near the end the reader was. At the Estoos place they had a sofa with a raised head-part where I used to like to sit. It was convenient just in case I got a chance to go to sleep. The text was read in a monotone and would be ideal to go to sleep with. A couple of songs out of Landstad's song book, and a prayer would complete the service. On the wall was a big picture of Theodore Roosevelt and his large family in color which was good material for thought. I have often thought that if we had had pictures of Bible characters and places in color like they have now how much more we would have remembered of the services. Perhaps a round-table discussion on some story from the Bible would have left a more lasting impression on me than those long texts which were above me at that time.

I remember one time we were over at Estoos' and Mrs. Estoos made chocolate for us--the first I had ever had. Her bread always tasted better than ours.

This is old Roxie, perhaps 30 years, with Mamie Johnson in saddle.

Poor old Roxie was quite a character. If he did not get fed in the morning when he thought it was time for his oats and hay he would kick the side of his stall with one back foot as a signal. It always got results.

He had a great way of getting thru fences. One day, however, he got himself into a heap of trouble.

The Palmer Logging Company put a railway trestle along the Walluski creek to haul their logs out. The fence had to be open to let train go thru over the trestle.

The grass was much greener on the other side of the fence where the orchard was. We had all walked over the trestle so Roxie decided that he would walk try it also. With two feet he might have made it but not with four.

This was on a Sunday and the neighbors were gathered at the Estoos home for Sunday services. Nobody ever worked on Sundays but here was Roxie stuck in the trestle. So all hands had to turn out to get him out of his predicament. Somehow they managed to get him out and he seemed none the worse for his experience.

One day, years later, a neighbor came up to the farm to visit and happened to have his gun along to shoot bears, wildcats or even skunks that might happen along the way. When he left he took Roxie with him down the old road and that was the last of Roxie. On the way home from school sometimes we would go up a side road and look at his bones. Poor old, faithful Roxie!

Mr. Theodore and Mr. Ole Estoos with their mother Gunhilde Estoos.

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Estoos had two sons, Norman T. and Dale.

Normàn married Esther Wahl and they moved to Moses Lake, Wash. with their two children Norman and Susan.

Dale married Virginia Holm and they live in Brownsmead with children Nancy, Jeanie, Linda, Ann and Johnny.

Standing, Julia Lillenas, Gunhilde Estoos, Eliza Kleppey and Theodore Estoos on ground, Andred Lillenas Conrad and Dorothy

Theodore Estoos
Gunhilde Estoos
Bertha Lillenas
Andrew Lillenas
Julia Lillenas
children
Evangeline Lillenas
Agnes Lillenas

Their chicken house and yard were always things to be investigated after Sunday services. There were two yards and in the larger yard there were raspberry bushes growing and the largest raspberries I had ever seen. They tasted very good.

They also had a sheep shed close by but I do not remember them having any sheep. On the other side of the house was the barn which was so much bigger and better than ours. (The main part of it is still standing but the next big windstorm or snowfall may level it.) Later: Big storm of January 22, 1958, pushed the barn over on its south end.

Their first house burned down so this second one was fairly new. It was extensively remodeled when the Ole Estoos family moved back out in the early 30s. Later on Ted and Dale used to come over and play horse-shoe with Esther and Mary Wahl when they were not busy berry picking at our place.

Theodore had two horses--Frank and Charlie which he used to hitch up to a wagon and drive to Astoria with. He used to start out real early in the morning and we would watch for him to drive up the road past the barn late the same day. Dad usually had only one horse. Once we were going to town and just past Olney our horse (blind in one eye) spotted some sheep in the road, got scared, and turned suddenly to run away dumping us in the ditch. I remember the shaft was broken off and someone from Olney came to our rescue. Believe Dad borrowed a buggy to take us all home. Yes, those were the days of horse and buggy.

Mrs. Estoos passed away in 1916 and Theodore moved to Knappton, Washington, some time after that.

Perhaps now we should come back to the Lillenas place.

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First we will go look around the old house. We kids used to love to go and rummage around there. I cannot remember much of the kitchen part of it but I remember there was a pantry sort of under the stairway going up. From the pantry we could go down a few steps into the basement. This part was not floored except what was evidently the milk room. It had shelves to set the milk pans on.

In the first room on the second floor I remember where Waldor's "trundle bed" used to be. In the other room were a lot of old magazines and papers scattered around. The woodrats made good use of them for nests together with branches of ivy, climbing rose bushes and honeysuckle which grew up over both ends of the house. (The ivy finally grew together at the chimney in the middle)

Some time before 1910 the lean-to of the old house was torn down and the main part of the house was put in shape for a school house. Here Miss Laura Jeffers was our teacher for two terms. For the last four grades we walked two miles thru the woods to the Hatchery School. Prior to this formal education Mother taught us. She used to ring a

cow bell for school to take up. I remember I was a very reluctant student. I would much rather be out following Dad around with the plow or most anything outside. It used to be such fun to ride standing up on the flattener. Was a big day when he let me drive the horse all by myself.

Just south of the old house was a large cherry tree and to the east and north was a big orchard. A King apple, a crabapple and two pear trees are still standing--sentinels of the past.

Just above the house at the edge of the woods Dad had his blacksmith shop. This was a shed built against a huge log which served as the one and only wall. Here he had his forge and anvil and we used to enjoy watching him take the red hot iron out of the fire and shape it into the desired shape with his hammer and tongs.

I have just a hazy recollection of Mr. and Mrs. John Saterbo and Mr. and Mrs. Simon Westbostad. They used to come to visit. Mr. and Mrs. Nels Steffenson also used to visit. I used to just hate Mr. Steffenson--that baldheaded old man! When he would come in one door of the house I would be gone out another door and away. When he would catch up with me he would tell me he would take my long brown braid and rub on his bald head, rub some "hønse møk" on it and his hair would grow. Mrs. Steffenson was OK but sort of a funny old lady, I thought. Mr. and Mrs. Borevik were more recent visitors. Seems I would hide from them also.

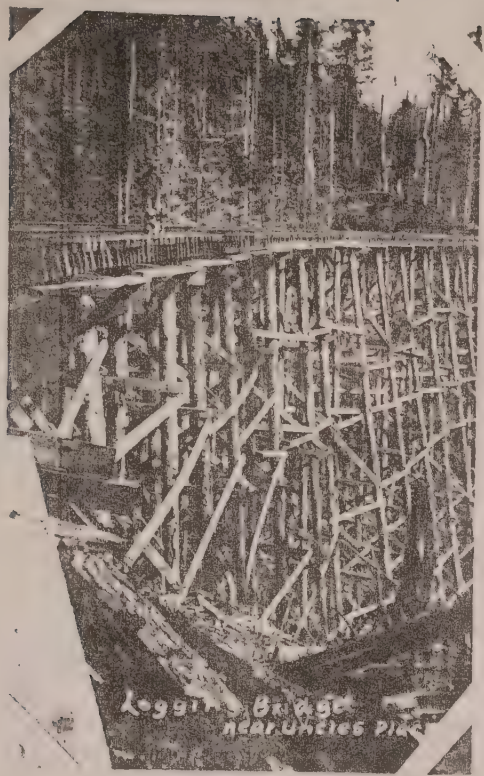
(chicken droppings)

The only members of the Ole Lillenas family that I have ever seen are Ole, Paul and Haldor, when they have returned for visits. During the flu Dad received word from Ole telling of the death of George, his wife, and Paul's wife. Funeral for all on the same day. Ole came and stayed at our home for a while after that.

Much of my time when I was a little girl was spent in the old barn. It used to be such fun to slide in the new, sweet smelling hay and make tunnels in it. I remember how sweet the cows used to smell when the salmonberry blossoms were in bloom. I used to sneak a little bucket and try to milk a cow. At the ripe old age of six I had passed my apprenticeship and was allowed to milk from then on. For many years after leaving the farm I would return to this <u>old</u> barn in my dreams--never our new barn or the house.

Brother and I would go fishing down the Walluski sometimes and when we would be getting our equipment ready (such as it was) the temptation would be too great for Dad and he would go fishing too. Happy days! Once a baited fish hook and pole had been left down below the barn while we went down to the creek looking for crawfish. When we returned to get the hook there was a young, white rooster hooked to it. We undoubtedly had fried chicken for dinner that evening.

Usually in the fall the folks butchered beef or pork and salted the meat in barrels. One winter a skunk got into the basement and drowned in the meat barrel. Mother picked out the top pieces and disposed of them. I'll never forget how, when eating this corned beef, I would come across some that reminded me very emphatically of the skunk.



Dad and Sport on trestle.

This is a trestle built by the Palmer Logging Company about 1916 over the Walluski River down near the old Fitcha place.

Since then another crop of trees have grown up and been logged off.

The second picture shows the road gang working on the new Lillenas road.

White horse is "Roxie"--and could he jump fences! Mabel Lillenas seated in buggy. Then Theodore Estoos, Tom Leahy and Dad on the ground.

Paul Lillenas took these pictures while he and Mrs. Lillenas were here for a visit from North Dakota.

Andrew Lillenas seated on his pet cow. About 1913

Julia Lillenas

This picture was taken of her seated by her radio in the kitchen.

The radio was a wonderful source of news and religious programs.

After her passing we found that she had been in contact with over 20 such broadcasting stations.

During long winter evenings Dad used to be busy with his woodworking and Mother did a lot of crocheting, knitting, and, of course, mending and darning.

Mother's burning ambition was to clear land. Now she loved to rake up trash and see it go up in smoke. In more recent years, after a major operation, the best news her doctor gave her was that she would be out clearing land again in six months. (She was)

Dad had a lathe set up in the woodshed on which he made the round posts in the railing on our porch. I believe he also made some for the alter of the Bethany Lutheran Church which are still there. He also made a weaving loom on which Mother used to make carpet strips. In our basement now we have a little wooden bath tub made out of short barrel staves set into an oblong wooden bottom and held together with metal strips. Undoubtedly, it was made for some of the Lillenas children.

On September 17, 1909, our sister Agnes arrived as quite a surprise to us. Babies were really something new to me and I remember asking a lot of questions. The folks taught us Norwegian when we were small and continued for Agnes' benefit. Dad's white sow got out of her pen sometimes and Agnes would say, "Her tome kita porko." When Theodore would come over she would say, "Her tome Taidoren." and when Conrad and I would bother her she would say, "Tonna og Dade plage mor."

I remember when Agnes was about nine months old we all went to town and had our family picture taken. In those days the city was not for me and I was happy to be on my way home again. Dad used to tease me about my "City face"--sort of sad and glum.

I shall skip over my high school and business college days without comment. After almost 25 years of working at the County Agricultural Agent's office I retired with a "Pro." degree.

(Time change to 1958)

Conrad and Olaf live out on the farm and Agnes and I drive out usually once a week. To plant and harvest a large garden. Gradually changing over to beef stock. Raise enough chickens for home use.

The little cedar tree which Dad planted with the many tons grew up far above the roof top. I climbed it and sawed off a lot of limbs to give more light in the house. Was up so high I could look down into the chimney. It has now been cut down and will be used for fence posts. Was 73 feet long. Olaf split out 117 fence posts.

Estoos' barn got tired and sat down on its south end during a big windstorm January 23, 1958.

The kitchen and pantry in our house have recently been remodeled much to the pleasure of everyone concerned. The high, narrow window has been replaced with a nine-pane window above a white cabinet sink. A big cooler has been put in the north east corner. Lots of counter space with storage underneath.

During the Astoria Sesquicentennial celebration in 1955 there was a beard contest--the longest, the toughest, the blackest, the whitest, etc.

This gave Brother an inspiration to try his luck. What could be more convenient? Mother was away, staying in Astoria her last three years--no one to care much if he shaved or not, so it just grew and grew.

By the time the contest was over he and his beard had grown to be close, warm friends and hated to part. His hair fell in curles at the back of his neck. During the winter months I did not get out there so I could not see what was going on.

Conrad Johannes Lillenas
1956

When I finally got out I met him in the barn, took one look at him and said, "Holy Moses!" Told him the contest was over long ago and a full beard was no longer in style. After a little persuasion his beard came off (and 20 years) and he submitted to a haircut. Instead of a full beard he now sports a mustache.

The shakes of his cabin are visable above his head. Most of the lumber for the cabin has been taken from the second-growth timber on the hill just outside the fence. It is rather on the crude side but it has provided a lot of pleasure for his leisure hours.

Have not been able to extract any information as to when he is going to move into his abode but I can think of a lot of his "souvenirs" that can be moved in any time--newspaper clippings, magazines, books, and stacks of composition books of his writings. Brother has a wonderful memory of things he has read and folks are often amazed at information he comes up with. He always tunes in on the Telo-Test programs and usually has the answers.

His cabin would be a nice place for Haldor's trundle bed, the old Fitcha corner shelf, the Lillenas cradle, the old wooden baby-bath tub, and let's not forget the old rocking chair. Perhaps "Walluski Archives" would be a fitting name.

And so, as I come to the end of these "Walluski Memories" and reflect on the changes that have taken place even in the last 50 years, I think that I have lived in a very interesting and progressive era. From the horse and buggy days to the present we have come a long, long way. Just take a look at the following list and I think you will all agree.

Horse and buggy	To the speedy, powerful, streamlined cars in a rainbow of colors.
The telephone	Now we can dial distant phone numbers from our own phones without aid of operator.
--	The radio. Transcontinental broadcasts. About 17 years ago we gave Mother a radio. This was really an education to the folks out on the farm. They kept up on the news and Mother found many religious programs from which she received many blessings. The radio was the source of many church services for the folks on Sundays. Among her belongings we found return envelopes from 22 different radio programs including Billy Graham, Shipmate Bob, Bob Hammond, The Lutheran Hour, The Revival Hour and many others.
--	Television. Transmitted thru the air. Sound and picture--some in black and white and some in color.
Electricity	Too numerous to list.
Photography	Moving pictures. Color slides, etc.
Roads	Compare the narrow dirt roads of only 50 years ago with the super-highways of today.
Farm machinery (horse)	Great strides have been made in this line. Most of these are now one-man operated by motor--no horses.
Drugs and surgery	Astounding advancements--and prices.
Aeroplanes	Transcontinental and oceanatic flights are now common, everyday transportation. Many of our local people have flown back to their homelands for visits making the trip in a matter of hours.

February, 1969

Since this history was first compiled many changes and much progress have taken place in the deserted Walluski community.

This area is now honeycombed with Crown-Zellerbach Corporation logging roads. It is now possible to reach this community via five or six different roads.

The plot where the J. J. and Dorthea Fitcha graves are located is the property of the State Forestry Department. However, there is a law which protects a graveyard from being included in the purchase or sale of property if there is a marker on it.

Most of the Crown-Zellerbach Corporation roads in this area were put in by Mr. Ted Vanderveldt, contractor. Upon learning that a contract had been let for a road from the Lillenas farm down the Walluski past this graveyard I became quite concerned lest these graves be obliterated. I mentioned this to Mr. Vanderveldt and it was not long till he reported that he had located them. One day while he was following out some lines in this vicinity it became dark and he had to spend the night in the woods. He was not lost, he said--he could tell directions by a "W" in the sky, but the moon didn't rise before 2:00 a.m. so he decided to wait till sunrise to make his way out.

After hearing about this old Fitcha graveyard the State Foresters hung bright plastic ribbons on bushes and trees all around till it looked like a float in a parade. They then cut a blaze on a hemlock tree beside the road a few feet away and marked the date, direction to graveyard and signed their names--Wm. S. Sutton and Elmo Frame, 4/4/65

The following Decoration day Mr. Vanderveldt came up to the Lillenas farm and offered to take my Uncle, Olaf J. Fitcha, down to see the graveyard but he did not feel up to walking down to where the truck was so Mr. Vanderveldt returned to his truck and left.

The next day Conrad, Agnes and I took a walk down to the graveyard, a distance of about two miles. To our great surprise here was a bouquet of pink and white carnations in a tin can with some water in it set into the green moss with little ferns growing here and there. It was just simply beautiful!

I wrote a letter to Mr. Vanderveldt telling him that a little angel must have been there and left those flowers. The picket fence which my uncle had built around the graves in 1916 has rotted and fallen down.

Trees have grown up in the little clearing so very little sunshine gets thru and most of the underbrush is gone. The little ivy which once grew in an old apple tree has continued up in a tall fir tree clear out of sight in the top. An old five-foot saw which had been left in the crotch of a tree is now imbedded in the center of the tree. Elk and deer have made trails in their wanderings thru the woods.

While we were there we discovered three bottle hunters searching for old bottles in the ruins of the old log cabin. They had found three rare specimens

During May, 1966, gravestones were placed on the Andrew and Julia Lillenas graves at Greenwood Cemetery. In conversation with Dick

Thompson of the Astoria Granite Works in Astoria he became very interested in putting a gravestone on these old graves. So, it was arranged that he and his brother Dennis would make and deliver the marker set in concrete for a very reasonable price. The Thompson brothers had been out there deer and elk hunting and knew just where the graveyard was and how to get there. This marker was placed there in November, 1966. Needless to say, this was a very heartwarming accomplishment to me as besides my grandparents my little baby sister is buried there also.

Dick Thompson also wrote up a story about this graveyard and had it published in a national monument magazine complete with pictures.

It is now possible to drive on a Crown-Zellerbach road to within a few hundred feet of the graveyard and Uncle Olaf was able to walk down to see the grave marker. He thought it would be nicer to have a chain fence around the whole plot and this was put in by the Thompson brothers. The old rotted picket fence was left to show that sometime in years past someone cared.

Last year, during elk season, I received a phone call from Jalmar Johnson saying he had been out elk hunting. My thoughts ran to--"I'll bet he has some elk liver for me", so I asked him if he had seen any horns. "No".(Shucks!) "But do I have a SURPRISE for you!" He said he had been following a herd of cow elk and came across this J. J. and Dorthea Fitcha, and Baby Lillenas grave marker. He said he was shocked--not shocked--but very surprised. Gave him some of the history of the old community and he told me I should write it up. I was glad to tell him I already had. Promised to loan it to him to read.

Shortly after that I received another phone call--this one from Mr. Carl Labiske who owns the Crest Motel in Astoria. He grew up in the lower Walluski community about three-fourths of a mile down from this graveyard. He belongs to the Clatsop County Historical Advisory Committee and wanted to get some history of this graveyard. The Committee is interested in getting information on old settlers, especially those who may have had an important part in a community.

While this book was at the Crest Motel for Mr. Carl Labiske to read who should happen to come along but Mr. Sam Churchill who wrote "BIG SAM", a history of logging operations in a camp near Olney. He was very interested in this history.

In a conversation with Tom Stokes from the Columbia Oil Company who came to fill our oil tank we got to taling about our farm out near Olney. I said that it was up the Lillenas road. "Oh, that's where there is an old graveyard and a saw in a tree." He had been there hunting for old bottles where the old log cabin had been. He had found an "Electric Bitters" bottle which was marked "For consumption" on one side. (It is assumed that this medicine was used by a Mr. Nils Tislevold who lived out there for a short time who later died of consumption). His gravestone is located in the Lillenas plot in Greenwood Cemetery.

It is really surprising how many people know of the existance of this little graveyard. It is located on a little hill above where the cabin used to be. The only sound to break the silence for these many years has been the song of the birds and the "babbling of the brook", the Walluski, as it rushes along over the rocks on its way to the sea.

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Exerpts taken from

DOWN MELODY LANE
with

Haldor Lillenas
(By permission of author)

On the thirty-mile-long island of Stord, south of Bergen, I was born on November 19, 1885, on a small farm. The little fifteen-acre tract was run-down and unproductive, and when my father had an opportunity to dispose of the land he did so, following others to the land of promise and adventure, the fabulous America far to the soughwest. My mother and three children, I being the youngest, were left in a little cabin in the small town of Fitja.

A year later we embarked on a boat at Bergen and sailed across the stormy North Sea to England. From Liverpool we voyaged in one of the combination passenger and cattle boats of the Dominion Line, to Quebeck, Canada. From there we traveled by train to Chicago and on to Colton, South Dakota, where we were met by my father (Ole Lillenas). Evidently it must have required all of his year's earnings to pay our fares and to build the sod house into which we moved on our arrival.....

We lived two years in South Dakota. I recall our journey to Oregon via the Northern Pacific Railway..... At the railway terminal, Kalama, Washington, we stopped overnight to await the Columbia river boat which would take us 80 miles down the river to Astoria.....The next morning we boarded the stern wheeler, the "Telephone", and headed for Astoria. All I remember of this bit of travel was the canary bird in its cage singing its beautiful song, the bird and its cage being located in the rather ornate salon of the passenger river craft.

Astoria is located ten miles inland from the mouth of the Columbia River. At that time, 1889, the business section of the city was built on platforms resting on wooden piles driven into the tideland of the river, which at this point is nearly eight miles wide.... Here we located in a two-room apartment situated under the wooden street level. At high tide the river water-level came within three feet of our floors. At low tide there was the oozy mire under us, emitting sundry odors not too pleasant at times.....My father secured employment in one of the several sawmills at $1.50 a day, the workday being ten hours long.

My Uncle Andrew Lillenas homesteaded land thirteen miles up in the hills. This section of Oregon is one of the most heavily timbered parts of the United States. My father and uncle decided to build a home on this land, which they proceeded to do under the most impossible conditions. During many months they toiled, slashing down the timber consisting of hemlocks, huge Sitka spruce, Douglas fir, and western cedar. Many of these were twelve feet thick at the base and could not be cut down with a saw or axe. It became necessary to burn them down. To accomplish this, a large hole was drilled at a 35-degree angle and a smaller hole horizontally to meet the first one. This being done, small red-hot hardwood coals were dropped into the large hole. A pair of hand bellows

furnished a strong draft which would ignite the coals into a small blaze. This would begin to burn within the tree and would continue many days, creating a constantly enlarged cavity until there was within that tree a good-sized room, around the walls of which the fires would continue to blaze until, with a terrific roar, the huge forest giant fell with earth-shaking reverberations.

Since there were no roads leading to the homestead, it was not possible to transport building material through the jungle. The lumber was therefore hand-sawed from fir and cedar logs. The shingles for the roof were likewise split from such logs, each one subsequently shaved to the proper tapering by means of a drawknife.

Then came the day when we moved out of our two rooms under the city streets and embarked in a rowboat, in which we passed Smith's Point and, veering to the left, out of the Columbia into the beautiful Youngs River. Passing up this stream two or three miles, we entered one of its tributaries, the Walluski River. Following this stream several miles until it narrowed considerably, we disembarked at a place known as "The Landing". Here logging trains unloaded their huge logs, dumping them into the stream. down which they floated to the sawmills at Astoria.

Fortunately for us, when we arrived, the little logging train was there and we were able to secure transportation two miles farther up the valley to the logging camp. The family climbed aboard the flatcars, but I was honored by being invited to ride with the engineer in the cab of the snorting little engine. Arriving at the logging camp, we were obliged to go on foot the remaining miles to the home of one of our (to be) neighbors, Simon Westbostad. I remember him as being a large man of powerful build and it was fortunate for me, since he carried me in his arms much of the way. At his home we remained two weeks while our little cabin, two miles farther up the deep forest, was being completed.

Our Home in the deep Timber Country.

I shall not forget the day when Mother and I walked the two miles over the beautiful trail to our new home. This trail had been hewn through the tangled brush and over an uneven terrain. We climbed over huge decayed forest giants, a ladder having been erected on both sides of the log. The day was beautiful. My mother and I walked slowly; she was knitting as she went along the difficult path, sometimes through low underbrush, at other times over moss-covered dells under towering forest giants, their mighty branches festooned with long, mossy streamers. Often we had to climb over rushing streams on the improvised log bridges erected for that purpose. Up the trees, as we approached, scampered barking squirrels; or bright blue jays scolded as we disturbed them in their sequestered sanctuaries. Finally we could see in the distance the opening between the trees which heralded the approach to the clearing in which our little home was nearing completion.

The house, now nearly ready, was built on a foundation of heavy cedar posts and consisted of two rooms, an unfinished second story, and a basement.

The little walluski creek (here near its source) sang its way past the house and lost itself in the deep shadows of the fragrant forest. I shall not forget our first sight of the house we had gone so far to see. Naturally, at my age, I could not be too discriminating and everything seemed wonderful. I was rather shocked, however, to find muddy tracks on the nice new floor of our living room. Someone had been careless! Shortly we were settled in our new and cozy home.

Most of the furniture was handmade, fashioned from the native lumber sawed from fir and spruce logs. The items that could not be made in this manner, such as stoves, kitchenware, and other things made of metal, had to be carried on the backs of men, over the five-mile trail from Trullinger's logging camp. How it could be done was beyond my knowledge! Evidently the few neighbors, all of them natives of Norway and accustomed to hardships, had helped one another and, since they had an abundance of time, they managed somehow to perform these seemingly impossible tasks.....

Times were difficult between 1890 and 1900. Very little employment could be had and the wages were very small. How we managed I do not know and, being of a tender age, it seemed to give me but little concern. I do know that during the first two years we had no milk, butter or eggs and virtually no fruit, and the only meat was an occasional supply of salt pork. I remember how Mother gathered "sour grass" from the forest meadow in an attempt to make a fruit substitute, but the results were disappointing. I recall also when one of our neighbors brought a black cow into the settlement and we were invited over to have milk and bread. Had I ever before, or have I since, tasted anything better!

During the long winter months when no employment could be had, my father secured a number of hides. Making a wide, shallow vat, he placed the hides in a solution of lime water, by which method the hair was removed. Then he used hemlock bark from the trees in the forest with which to tan the hides, thus producing a very high-grade leather. Having learned the cobbler's trade in Norway, he proceeded to make handmade shoes. These were most durable and excellent shoes, and it became the duty of my older brother John and me to try to dispose of this footwear among the neighbors. We did manage to dispose of a few pairs at $2.25 each, but most of them remained unsold. Just why it was my sad lot to wear wooden shoes much of the time I do not know, except that it was probably much easier to make these and there would be no cost attached. I recall that my two older brothers (Paul and John) and I walked two miles to visit the neighbor's children, but when we approached their dwelling my courage failed, being ashamed of my wooden shoes, and I hid behind a large stump while they had their visit.

School Days

At the age of six I learned to re d Norwegian and about the same time I was taught to sing my first song. It was a translation of one of the Sankey gospel songs, a setting to "Beneath the Cross of Jesus". One day I composed a little song of my own, both words and music.

It was done out under the trees above our woodshed. I never told anyone, nor was it ever transferred to paper. I do not recall the title but I remember singing it over and over for my own edification. Little did I think that this was the beginning of my lifework!

One day it was discovered that two miles from us in an unexpected direction a number of families were living and that within three miles could be found a grocery store and post office. Shortly thereafter a road was built and a new schoolhouse erected, and shall I ever forget my first day in school! I did not know a word of English and my brothers, who had learned the language, warned me not to speak a word of Norwegian that first day. All went well until the afternoon recess, when a robin's nest was discovered high in a tree. We climbed to see the baby robins and then, promptly forgetting my promise, I began expressing my delight in eloquent Norwegian. Within a few days I seemed to be able to acquire sufficient English so that I could carry on.ll.....

Religious Services

There was no church in the neighborhood in which we lived, but all the people were members of some branch of the Lutheran Church. The pastor from Astoria would occasionally visit the group holding religious services, but at other times we assembled in one of the homes at which times a number of the stately hymns of the Church were sung, prayer was offered, and one of the brethren would read a long sermon from a book while we sat with folded hands. At times it was possible for me to be seated near enough to the reader to be able to see the pages as they were turned. Each time he turned the page I fervently hoped to be able to see the end of the discourse. It may have been a very good sermon but to me it seemed meaningless and dry. We had no Sunday school, but our catechism and Bible history courses we studied at home, and each Sunday we recited the answers to questions asked by our father.

Christmas was a longed-for event. On Christmas Eve it was our joyous task to go into the woods to select the best available evergreen to serve as our Christmas tree. We had an unlimited number from which to choose. We also gathered fragrant cedar boughs, which were chopped in small pieces and scattered on the freshly scrubbed floors; thus the atmosphere of the entire home was permeated with the pungent fragrance of western cedar. I recall shopping for presents for the entire family of seven (including my uncle), the entire expendable fund being thirty-five cents, this being my total assets. I managed to purchase a gift for all, the value and importance of which can easily be estimated.

When Christmas Eve arrived and all were dressed in their best, we gathered near the Christmas tree, which had been placed in the center of the floor. Father read the Christmas story and we children, joining hands, marched around the tree singing Christmas carols. Following this the gifts were distributed. Santa Claus was never mentioned.

Moving to Minnesota

We lived in Oregon ten years. Conditions did not improve and my parents decided it might be wise to move to another state. In the year 1900 there developed a rate war between the transcontinental railroads and it became possible to travel from the west coast to St. Paul, Minnesota, for ten dollars. Taking advantage of this low fare, my father sold his interest in the home and farm to my uncle (Andrew Lillenas) for four hundred dollars and made preparations to move his family to a Norwegian settlement near Paynsville, Minnesota. By this time there were five children in the family, a sister Katrine having been born in South Dakota and a brother George in Oregon. The seven members of the Lillenas family embarked on a riverboat for Portland, Oregon. While many friends waved good-by Mother lifted her melodious voice, singing one of the lovely Norwegian songs of farewell as the boat pulled out from the dock. Mother never did learn to speak the English language.....

My Conversion

The year 1906 found me back in Astoria, Oregon, employed in a box factory. I attended church occasionally but I knew I was not a born-again Christian. One beautiful July evening I walked down the streets of this cosmopolitan city and on a street corner I listened to a group of people singing gospel songs and testifying to the power of God to save. These songs seemed to have a strange power. God talked to my heart and I was reminded of my mother's songs, the family altar, and the earnest prayers prayed in my behalf before she entered the land that is fairer than day.....Two weeks later I found my way to an altar of prayer and in those few moments of earnest confession and supplication, at the little Peniel Mission, I became a new creature in Christ Jesus, old things had passed away, behold, all things had become new!.....A few nights after my conversion I had the joy of seeing my lifetime friend, Bernt Saterbo, and others find the same joyous experience.....

Bible College Days

It became more and more apparent to me that if I was to be a successful minister of the gospel I must acquire ministerial training. Accordingly, in the year 1909 I left Portland, Oregon, bound for the Deets Pacific Bible College located in Los Angeles, California.....During the school year I became acquainted with a fine young woman, Bertha Mae Wilson who had a rich and powerful contralto voice and exceptional ability as an evangelistic piano player. We soon learned that our voices blended well and so we arranged it that our lives should also be blended. The year following we were married.....She was an eloquent and gifted preacher of the gospel and we labored together nearly thirty-five years in pastoral and evangelistic work in many states, until she entered the more excellent glory in the year 1945.

In 1912 we accepted a callto our church at Pomona, California. .....During this time I was invited to assist in a great union meeting of all the churches in Lincoln, Nebraska.....On my return to Pomona, from this series of meetings, my health failed. The young physician who diagnosed my case gave the unwelcome news that I might be expected to live but six months. This was in the year 1913.